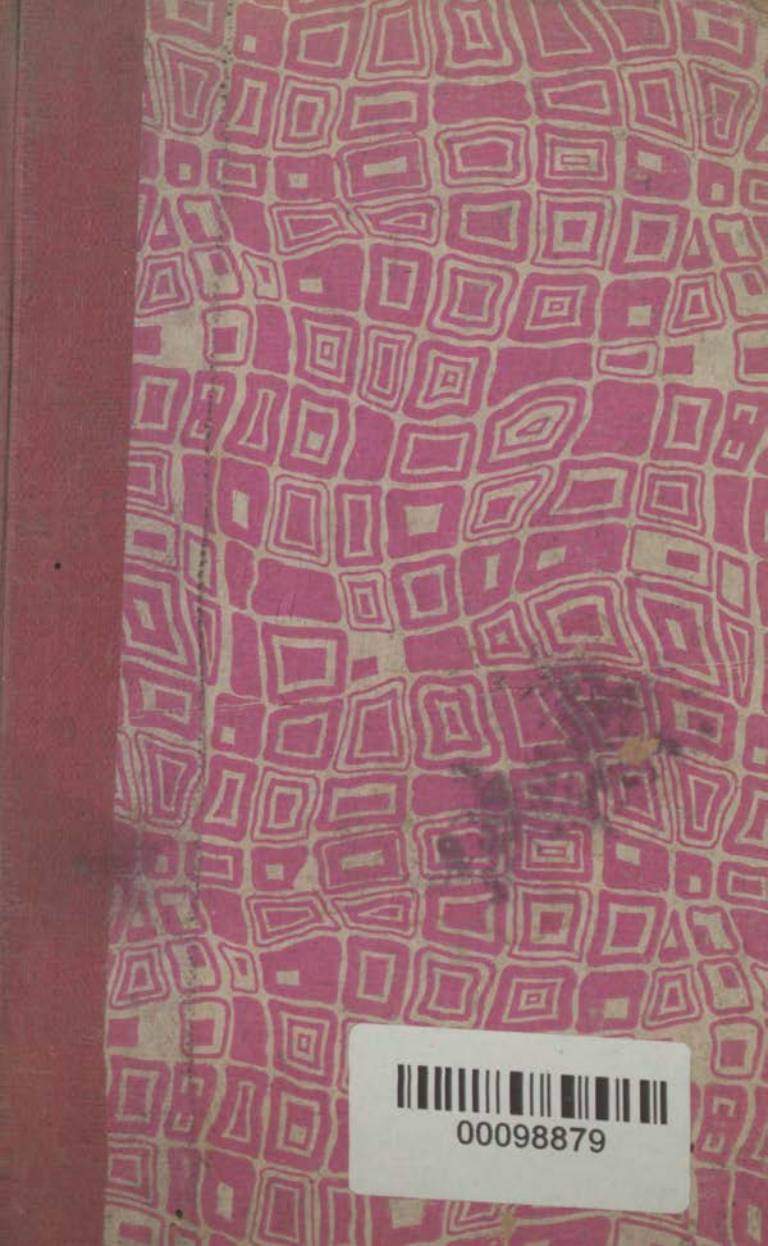
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AMONG HORSES

IN

SOUTH AFRICA

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BY

M. H. HAYES, F.R.C.V.S.

LATE CAPTAIN "THE BUFFS"

AUTHOR OF

"POINTS OF THE HORSE" "VETERINARY NOTES FOR HORSE-OWNERS"

ETC. ETC.

WITH A FRONTISPIECE

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PREFACE

ON my return from South Africa eight years ago, I wrote a book, *Among Men and Horses*, which is now out of print, and which contained, amidst other things, an account of a year, full of incident, which my wife and I spent in Cape Colony, the Transvaal, Orange Free State, and Natal. The nature of our work gave us exceptionally good opportunities to make the friendly acquaintance of Boers and English residents. Thinking that a description of South African life, just before the beginning of the inflammatory stage of the present trouble, would be

interesting, I have rewritten and enlarged my former account, and have now the honour to offer the result for the kind acceptance of the reading public.

YEW TREE HOUSE, CRICK,
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,
February 1900.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

PAGE

Calcutta—Paper-chasing—Racing—Lord William Beresford—Horse Shippers—Mr. Stevens—Teddy Weekes—Kerouse—Mr. and Mrs. Milne—Indian Amateurs—Miss Amy Sherwin—Mr. Rudyard Kipling—Frank Fillis . . . 1–22

CHAPTER I

CAPE TOWN

Voyage out—Wind-jambers—Madeira—Cricket Team—Miss Genevieve Ward—Cape Town—Sir Henry Loch—British Workmen and Equality—Miss Olive Schreiner—Robben Island Leper Asylum—Mr. Cecil Rhodes—Port Elizabeth 23–47

PAGE

CHAPTER II

UP COUNTRY

Grahamstown—Dr. Edington—Horse-Sickness—Boers—Mr. Wilmot—Dalston and the Mule—A Good Showman—A Cape Boy—October—Mr. Hilton Barber—South African Farmers—Cape Horses—Craddock—Bloemfontein—Colesberg—Roarers 48–81

CHAPTER III

KIMBERLEY

Lecturing at Kimberley—Badly reported—The De Beers Company—Squaring Governments—Trapping—I.D.B.—Horse-breaking—Equine Friendships—Wasters and Remittance Men—Captain Goodwood—Broken-down Officers—Manners and Customs in South Africa—Kimberley Exhibition 82–111

CHAPTER IV

DIAMONDS 112–119

PAGE

CHAPTER V

TRAVELLING AND HORSEMANSHIP

South African Railways—Coaching across the *Veldt*—Driving Twelve-in-Hand—Driver and Guard—Food for Horses—Oat Hay—Temper of South African Horses—South African Method of Horse-breaking—Horsemanship in South Africa and Australia—Tying Horses to Posts in the Streets—Knee-haltering—The *Veldt* . 120–133

CHAPTER VI

JOHANNESBURG

Arrival at the Goldfields—Clubs in South Africa—Johannesburg: its Jews, Englishmen, and Boers—Types of John Bull—A Public Performance under Difficulties—A Lady riding Buck-jumpers—Performances at the Johannesburg Circus—Bad to Mount—The Farce of Horse-taming Shows in England—How to make a Good Impression—J. R. Couper, the South African Champion—Wolff Bendoff—"The Mates'" Son—Mr. Grey Rattray—Eggs Sixpence apiece—Dave Moss and the "Tape"—Johannesburg

PAGE

"Sharps"—The Ready Reckoner Story—Justice to "Niggers" in the Transvaal—Vichy, the Winner of the Johannesburg Handicap—English Horses in South Africa—Racing in South Africa—Polo 134–189

CHAPTER VII

PRETORIA AND NATAL

Performances at Pretoria—An Accident—Enthusiasm of the Boers—General Joubert—Breaking-in a Zebra—Concerts—English and Boers—A Journey by Coach—Prize-fighting in South Africa—Nickless and Kelly—Majuba Hill—Mr. Gladstone—Duke of Argyll—Mr. Gerald Balfour—Harrismith—Hendrik Truter—Mr. Oliver Davis—Maritzburg—Durban—Good-bye to October—Home 190–231

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INTRODUCTION

Calcutta—Paper-chasing—Racing—Lord William Beresford—Horse Shippers—Mr. Stevens—Teddy Weekes—Kerouse—Mr. and Mrs. Milne—Indian Amateurs—Miss Amy Sherwin—Mr. Rudyard Kipling—Frank Fillis.

MY wife and I had a busy time during the cold weather of 1890–91, which was the last we spent in Calcutta. She devoted herself chiefly to paper-chasing and charity, and I trained, dealt, and ran a sporting journal.

One meritorious form of charity which my wife indulged in, was visiting the Calcutta Leper Asylum, and getting up a fund for the relief of its inmates. In *My Leper Friends* she told the story of her sad experiences in that abode of misery.

The paper-chasing at Calcutta furnished good sport. The country was a "made" one, and the jumps, of which there were about twenty, were particularly stiff mud walls and hurdles, and varied in height from 3 ft. 6 in. to 4 ft. 4 in. The distance was from three to four miles, and the pace was as fast as the horses could go. This paper-chasing was in fact a close imitation of steeple-chasing. The most of the horses were nearly if not quite thorough-bred, and the fields on an average consisted of from forty to fifty starters, of whom there was always a fair proportion of ladies. At Lucknow, under the management of the 16th Lancers and 18th Royal Irish, this

sport was conducted on the same lines, except that the course was flagged out, instead of paper being laid down. I rarely attended any of these events, because my time in the early mornings was fully occupied with the horses I had in training. In Calcutta, even during December and January, it gets too hot to work horses after eight or half-past eight. On the mornings of the paper-chasing meets, my wife used to be up at five o'clock, and after having dressed and had her cup of tea and slice of hot buttered toast, she went off in her dogcart to find her horse ready saddled at the starting post. The word "go" was uttered not later than seven o'clock, and then ensued an amount of hard and jealous riding that would have surprised many an old fox-hunter, if he had seen it. These Australasian horses are wonderful jumpers, principally, I think, on account of the lightness and great obliquity of their shoulders.

The fact of their being allowed to wander over immense tracts of country in a state of perfect liberty, up to, say, four years of age, confers on them great freedom of shoulder and soundness of limb.

In India, everybody who, so to speak, is anybody, keeps horses and rides at least once if not twice a day all the year round. There is no law of trespass, and consequently hacking along the road is the exception instead of the rule. These, no doubt, are the causes which make the percentage of capable horsemen and horsewomen larger in India than in England, where not more than one in twenty, even out of the few who hunt, ride straight. This difference is merely one of practice. Very few of the young fellows who go out to India know anything about riding when they first arrive; but after they have served their year's "griffinage," we find the most of them owning horses or ponies, playing polo, pigsticking,

paper-chasing, racing, chasing, or at least taking their part in the station *gymkhanas*.

At Calcutta, which is the great Indian turf metropolis, the racing was well managed, and liberal prizes were given. Having confidence in the capacity and rectitude of the stewards, the public used to attend the meetings with all their spare cash in their pockets to back their fancy. To supply this demand, men like Bob Topping, Miller and Brittain, Archer, Crouch, and several other "layers," used to go to Calcutta for the racing season, which begins about the 1st December and finishes about the end of February. Miller and Brittain used to field during the summer in Italy, and Crouch was well known on French racecourses. The legitimate part of the programme was varied with pony events, which are probably the most important feature of Indian racing. There were some hurdle races, and two or three days were devoted to chasing.

At the time of which I am writing, Lord William Beresford was one of the principal racing men in India. He had a great talent for business, and on account of his skill in arranging functions of various kinds, he was retained as Military Secretary many years beyond the usual allowance. He always had a dusky Baron Hirsch or two in training, and he supplied more horses to native princes than all the other dealers put together. He was a strange anomaly. Although he was generous and had "a heart as big as a house," he sometimes did such funny things at racing that he might have been thought grasping, if not "thick"; and yet he was always ready to give money freely if an appeal for any deserving object was made to his good nature. The spirit of rivalry was so strong in him that he was apparently apt to take the readiest means to be first in every contest in which he engaged.

I was on the best of terms with all the Australian and New Zealand horse shippers, from whom I received the greatest civility and kindness. They were always delighted to "pull out," and let me try any of their horses; for they knew that I would never think of troubling them and of losing my own time unless I meant to buy. What these men and all other dealers rightly detest is a "messer," namely, a person who cannot make up his mind, or who, with the idea of giving himself importance, pretends to want to purchase a horse, but who has not the remotest intention of doing so. When I had a good order on hand, I dealt liberally with them; and as they knew that I did not want to keep all the profit myself, they were ready to "meet me," if they could possibly do so, when there was not much to be made at the price. They are good judges of horses, and have to work very hard, with a continually sinking rupee

to make a livelihood. Mr. John Stevens, who was a horse importer and a captain in the New Zealand Cavalry, was a great friend of ours. He had been a Government interpreter among the Maoris, and had many stories to tell about those people. On one occasion, a native chief who was under cross-examination in court, on being asked why he had not brought a certain man with him, replied, "I have brought him." "But," said the barrister, looking in vain round the court, "I don't see him. Where is he?" "He is *here*," chuckled the Maori proudly, stroking his own well-filled abdomen. According to Mr. Stevens, who is one of the greatest authorities on all Maori questions, these dusky islanders imagine that they can absorb into themselves all the good qualities of those whom they eat. No doubt it was this general idea that prompted his postman, on one occasion, to chew and swallow the news-

paper which it was his duty to fetch from a distant post-office. The man, not having any conception of the operation of reading, could not imagine how his master became acquainted with its contents, except on the supposition that Mr. Stevens ate it; so he accordingly transferred it from his bag to his stomach. When he arrived with an empty post bag and a full stomach, Mr. Stevens asked him, where was the paper? The Maori explained that he had eaten it, and that he would tell him all the news as soon as he had digested it.

The greatest "character" among all the shippers was Teddy Weekes, who died a few years ago. He had an extraordinary number of failings, which are luckily buried with him. His "language" was loud, copious, and foul, and his habits were horrible; but he had the redeeming point of being a thorough sportsman. He was not necessarily one, because he lived only

for horses and gambling, or because the dearest spot on earth to him was a race-course; but he well merited that name for the stoical manner in which he met reverses of fortune in the backing of horses. His losses seemed to act like a powerful tonic on the little, fat, bloated man. One night he took a plunge to the amount of £1200, and lost it in the following afternoon by the horse which he had backed getting beaten. It is only fair to him to say that he would not have risked losing a sum he was unable to pay, had he not dined too well. Instead of being cast down or attempting to shirk his liabilities, he brightened himself up, returned to Australia, worked like a slave, brought back a ship-load of horses, sold them, paid his debts, and returned to the betting ring beaming with delight to find himself again in his old paradise. He was the only one of his low class of racing men whom I have ever met

that loved a genuine straight-away match for its own sake, more than for the money dependent on it. Of the many occasions I have seen him "lead in" a winner, I have never seen poor Teddy so pleased, although he did not gain a farthing on the transaction, as when my wife won a jumping prize against all comers in Calcutta in January 1891, on his clever pony mare, Mamma. His joy was on account of his pony having defeated the best horses which his rival dealers could bring against it. Teddy, who had been a fine horseman before he became inordinately fat, from too free living, liked, during a sale of his horses, to get the leaping bar put up to a respectable height, and having mounted one of the animals with more assumed than real difficulty, would take the obstacle in good style, to show the people, as he would explain, how clever his horses must be to jump with a fat old man like himself. And then he would describe,

in a manner few could resist, how marvellously the animal would perform over a country with any of the on-looking *jeunesse dorée* on its back.

The most of the older shippers had come from England and Ireland in their youth, and had worked their way on in the Colonies. The only regular London dealer in the whole lot was Kerouse, whose people kept a livery and commission stable in Edgware Road. He used to bring out cart horses from England to New Zealand and Australia, and then used to work back *viâ* Calcutta or Madras, with a shipment of Colonial horses. He was certainly the cleverest man in that trade at inducing a shy man to part with his money; but then we must recollect that he had a London training. He had not a thought in the world except for horses, pure and simple. It was as "good as a play" listening to him when he was explaining to would-be

purchasers how his "five-year-olds" had lost all the "marks" in their teeth by grazing on pasturage the sand of which used to grind down the teeth, so he said, in less than no time; and how the absence of hair on the knees of some of his animals was merely the temporary result of their sleeping in stalls which had not a sufficiency of straw bedding. The poor fellow died miserably, from cancer in the throat; yet so strong was his ruling passion even in the presence of death, that when the friend who was tending him wanted to send, on the day before he died, a servant to stop the noise of some horse-breaking that was going on in the yard below the sick man's room, poor Kerouse, overhearing what was said, feebly whispered, "Let them be. I love to hear the sound of the horses."

As we kept a sporting paper and an open house, we saw nearly all the people in the show line who came to Calcutta, and were

glad to give them something to eat and drink, and as favourable a notice in our columns as our consciences and our readers would permit. Portly and pleasant George Milne, who had been a parson, came from Australia with a theatrical company and a shipload of "properties," and tried to entrance the Indian public with Shakespeare and Sunday lectures on Church and State. I'll never forget his Mark Antony, which he played in a jersey and a kind of kilt, with the thermometer at about 100° F. Being short and stout, his line ought to have been comedy, not tragedy. Mrs. Milne, who I believe was the monied partner, has since then been writing books about how they stormed barns in the East, and other tales. She says a good deal about her own playing, but nothing about Miss Kate Douglas, who was far and away the best actress they had in the company, and a pretty woman too.

We had so much to do with professionals that we had no time for amateurs of the acting and singing line, who are prominent personages in Indian society, and are intensely exclusive as regards their "perks." Under occasional fits of liberality, they will consort with professionals on the consideration of lots of "fat" and flattery. If the legitimate mummers or singers wish to run their own show, the amateurs will let them severely alone, and will try to induce their friends to do the same. We all know and admire that accomplished artist, Miss Amy Sherwin. On one occasion she went to Calcutta with a thoroughly capable concert company. The local amateurs approached her with offers of assistance, which she gracefully declined, on the plea that her company was composed of thoroughly capable professionals, whom she was unwilling to slight by replacing them with outsiders. The

spite of the amateurs at this very natural rebuff had such a venomous effect on the weak-kneed Calcutta community, that Miss Sherwin "opened" to an audience of about two dozen in number, most of whom came in on "paper." Rendered sage by this reverse, she consented to allow the pick of the amateur basket to sing at her next concert. The chosen lady, as amateurs will do, attacked one of Sullivan's most difficult songs, and, probably to show her thorough mastery of it, sang it through her teeth, with the result that the majority of the audience almost rolled off their seats in fits of laughter. As Miss Sherwin was unwilling to continue this comic business, she packed up her properties and went to Shanghai, where she and her company had a most enthusiastic reception. Not content with loading her with dollars, the good people of "The Model Settlement" presented her with a very handsome testi-

monial. The Indian amateur does not usually believe in acting for charity beyond his or her home. And yet, when they deliberately "go for the pieces" in the shape of drinks, suppers, and dresses, they are insulted beyond measure if their *pseudo* amateur status be not regarded by the press as a bar against adverse criticism. Even the thickest layer of butter is sometimes insufficient to satisfy the hunger after praise which afflicts the Indian amateur. As an instance of this, Mr. Rudyard Kipling told me, that wishing to make things pleasant in a report he was writing on some amateur theatricals for an Indian paper, he, trying how far he could go, said that the leading lady (who really was a "stick" of the most wooden sort), by her marvellously fine acting, reminded him of Miss Ellen Terry. On the evening of the day in which his report appeared, he met the extravagantly praised one, who,

instead of being annoyed with him for having chaffed her, said, "I am very cross with you, Mr. Kipling, for having compared me to Miss Ellen Terry, who is much older than I am. Don't you think that I am far more like Miss Mary Anderson?" "I am very sorry," replied the gallant Mr. Kipling, "that I made such a stupid mistake. I ought to have said that you reminded me of Miss Mary Anderson." "Of course, that was what you meant," added the lady, who graciously signified her acceptance of the journalist's *amende*. "After that," said Mr. Kipling to me, "I gave up reporting amateur theatricals."

The first time I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Kipling was in 1885 at Lahore, where I went to hold classes for giving instruction in horse-breaking, during a tour I was making through India for that purpose. He was then a very bright lad of twenty years, and was assistant to Mr.

Kay Robinson, who was editing *The Civil and Military Gazette.* As the press were of course invited to my classes, Mr. Kipling came, and wrote one or more extremely graphic articles. I know that he remembers my breaking at Lahore, for he says in his *Plain Tales from the Hills* that "I have seen Hayes argue with a tough horse." Even at that time, Mr. Kipling had made himself known throughout India by the clever sketches which he contributed to his paper. With a garrison battery at Fort Lahore, and a Horse Artillery battery, a Field Artillery battery, and a regiment of English Infantry within three miles at Meean Meer, he had plenty of material from which to study Mr. Thomas Atkins. I am well acquainted with that part of the Punjab; for I was stationed at Meean Meer when I was a subaltern in the Gunners, and also when I was in the Bengal Staff Corps. I

belonged to Mr. Kipling's *Mother-Lodge*, and with him (*The Seven Seas*)

> "I wish that I might see them,
> My brethren black an' brown,
> With the trichies smellin' pleasant
> An the *hog-darn* passin' down."

I must now hark back to Calcutta, where we saw a good deal of Frank Fillis, who had recently come with his circus from South Africa. He had run his show for several years among the Boers and Outlanders, with both of whom he was very popular; as he was "good company," was a capital showman, and always did his best to keep faith with his public. While he was with the Africanders, he made two or three large fortunes, but lost all his money when the crash took place after the mining boom. Nothing daunted, he left the Cape with, if I remember rightly, £16,000 owing, and with the best of good wishes from his

creditors. He had great success in Calcutta, and before the season was over he had settled all his liabilities in full, which was a performance of high merit, considering the amount and the time. Fillis was a good circus trainer, did the "jockey act" to perfection, and was a wonderfully hard-working fellow. As we were then getting tired of India, and were suffering from a malignant attack of *trek* fever, we listened with careful attention to his stories of South Africa, where he strongly advised us to go, especially after he had seen a couple of zebra-breaking performances we gave in his circus, which he kindly lent us. His accounts of the love which Africanders have for horses, and of the numbers of wild ones that are on the *veldt*, decided us to make a trip to the land of the Boers. We sold our paper, horses, and furniture, said good-bye to our friends,

and departed for London, where I had to stay a few months in order to bring out new editions of some of my books which were out of print.

CHAPTER I

CAPE TOWN

Voyage out—Wind-jambers—Madeira Cricket Team—Miss Genevieve Ward—Cape Town—Sir Henry Loch—British Workmen and Equality—Miss Olive Schreiner—Robben Island Leper Asylum—Mr. Cecil Rhodes—Port Elizabeth.

AS winter was coming on apace, and as neither of us cared to be laid up with influenza or any other seasonable complaint, we made arrangements for our long-talked-of trip to South Africa, took our passage in the good ship *Dunnottar Castle*, and left Southampton towards the end of November 1891, bound for Cape Town. As an old traveller by the P. and O., French Mail, and many other lines, I must say that the accommoda-

tion and food on this steamer left nothing to be desired. I had never been to the Cape, although I had been three times round it in "wind-jambers." On the first occasion, I was a young subaltern going to India to join a field battery of Artillery. My fellow-passengers consisted of twenty officers, several ladies, about four hundred men, and a lot of soldiers' wives and children, all packed into a sailing ship of 900 tons burden. We were becalmed for three weeks in the "Doldrums" near the Line, during which time the heat was awful. The cockroaches devoured our eyebrows and budding moustaches, but left alone the bristles of the elders. The rats played leap-frog over us as we lay asleep in our bunks at night, and we had nothing to eat but salt horse and hard tack, after we had been four months aboard; but we subs were happy, because we were young, and because the five pounds table money

we paid before starting, provided us with as much drink throughout the voyage as we chose to call for.

The *Dunnottar Castle* did the trip in about the same time that the old sailing tub had lost in one calm. Once out of the Bay, as the Bay of Biscay is familiarly called, the sea is generally smooth for the remainder of the journey. The island of Madeira, which is about two thousand miles from London, forms a delightful resting-place for the half-day that is allowed. As the island is mountainous and well wooded, the scenery round the coast is picturesque. The climate is delightful, as Madeira is about ten degrees north of the tropics, and forms a starting-point for zephyrs that are on recruiting service for the north-east trade wind. People who have tried the island tell me that it is a charming place for a short holiday, although for a long residence it would be too dull for

men and women of the world. The bad administration of the island is well shown by the numbers of lepers who mingle freely with the people, while busily plying the only trade left to them, namely, begging. Tastefully made wicker-work, consisting of chairs, couches, tea-tables, and other useful articles, appears to be the staple industry of the place, if we may judge by the cargoes of these things which are brought by boats to the steamers at anchor. The prices are moderate, except when, just before the anchor of a departing ship is weighed, a passenger with no small change hands a piece of gold to the wicker-man, who in his search for the balance drops over the side into his boat, and is no more seen.

On board a steamer tearing along at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, there is no unpleasant heat even when crossing the equator. Either homeward or outward bound we had not more than two days hot

enough to make us wish to change ordinary English summer clothes for those of lighter material; and on the warmest nights we were able to sleep "down below" without discomfort. In the tropics, the heat far out in the ocean is much less than close to land, which continues to radiate into the surrounding air the caloric it has received from the sun, long after that orb has disappeared below the horizon. When the fierce rays of the tropical sun beat down for some hours on rock or sand, the surface of the ground often becomes so hot that it would be painful to place the palm of the hand or the sole of the foot on it, and consequently it causes the air which blows over it to assume more or less the character of a blast from a furnace. On this account, the highest range of the thermometer on board steamers going through the Red Sea is about 20° F. more than the maximum on Cape boats when crossing the equator.

Owing to the land-locked nature of the Persian Gulf, the heat there is exceptionally great, even reaching 130° F. in the shade, so they say. In the Scinde desert I have endured in the shade a heat of 125° F. As a good instance of the radiating power of arid ground, I may mention that I have known the thermometer at nine o'clock at night to register 109° F. at Meean Meer in the Punjab, which is hundreds of miles north of the tropics. At that temperature the sheets and pillow of one's bed become so hot that one could not lie down on them without having had them first sprinkled with water. Unless the wind is dead aft and blowing at the same rate as the steamer is proceeding, there will be a certain amount of cooling wind made by the ship.

We had on board the *Dunnottar Castle* a pleasant lot of passengers, including the Ward-Vernon theatrical troupe and an

English cricket team, run by Mr. Ashe of Richmond and Mr. W. W. Read, the well-known Surrey amateur. The team consisted of Messrs. Read, Murdoch, Ferris, and Brann; and the professionals, Alec Hearne, Jack Hearne, G. G. Hearne, Chatterton, Brockwell, Harry Wood, Pougher, Martin, Ayres, and Leeney. As this tour was managed on purely commercial lines, and as all its members came out first class, it was understood that Jack was as good as his master. Read, Murdoch, and Ferris of course tried to draw between promateurs and pros that imaginary line of social demarcation which is recognised only in the cricket world. Relations would have been overstrained on several occasions had not Mr. Ashe, with the consummate tact of which he is a master, been present to restore harmony. He was the real, though vicarious, leader of the party, the members of which were so influenced by his unselfish

kindness and winning manners that they treated his suggestions as orders. He was led into this speculation in a round-about way. Being well and favourably known at the Cape, as he is in England, he, out of pure good nature, and with the desire to promote sport, allowed his name to be used in arranging the terms of the trip with the South African authorities. Within a few days of the time appointed for starting, the gentleman who was to have financed the affair failed to produce the passage money; so Mr. Ashe, feeling that he had unwittingly bound himself to the engagements made, joined in with Mr. Read. Though the team won all its matches in South Africa, it was not a success. The Ward-Vernon troupe was capable and well selected. Miss Genevieve Ward is a Jewess of romantic history. She has a grand style, and has a rich, deep, musical voice to aid it. Years ago she

made a great sensation in London by her playing in *Forget-me-not.* Old play-goers consider that, since the days of Mrs. Siddons, no actress has played the part of Queen Catherine, the hapless wife of Henry VIII., so powerfully as Miss Ward has done. She had a brilliant success at the Lyceum as Queen Eleanor in Tennyson's *Becket.* She reminds me a good deal of that great tragic actress, the late Miss Glynn. Mr. Vernon and his fellow-player and passenger, Mr. Gofton, are clever, and have no "side."

Sleepy old semi-Dutch Cape Town looked a terribly unpromising place in which to start a horse-breaking class. Like at Singapore, all the residents (to use an Irishism) lived out of it. During the day, they worked in their offices, like bees in their hives; but by six o'clock in the evening they had flitted to their homes miles away in the picturesque surrounding

country, leaving the streets empty of carriage and rider. Their horses were mostly of the uncomplaining, spiritless slave sort. Very few of the owners of these animals rode, and those who went in traps preferred, as a rule, to entrust the reins to a black groom than to steer the conveyance themselves. To meet them at the City Club, they were a charming set of fellows: hospitable, the best company, and always ready for a game of pool or poker; but horses were not much in their line. In my ignorance I imagined Cape Town was the capital of South Africa, and thought it incumbent on me to hold a class there, so as to advertise myself for the remaining towns in that part of the continent. But I could not see how I was to make a start. From the date of our arrival in the beginning of December up to Christmas, the attention of the inhabitants was centred by day on the doings

of the cricketers, and by night on the performances of the actors. We sat tight and suffered, as the jockeys say. When Yuletide arrived, every man and boy gave themselves wholly up to its celebration, which they merged into that of the New Year, and then took a fortnight's holiday for the effects of the liquor to wear off. By the end of that time our purse was so light that we could brook no more delay. By the kind assistance of H.E. Sir Henry Loch (now Lord Loch), the *Cape Times*, *Cape Argus*, Colonel O'Callaghan of the Gunners, with whom I had been a cadet at the Royal Military Academy, Major Garnet of the York and Lancaster Regiment, and other horse enthusiasts, we got up a class at the Fort and at Wynberg Camp. As all the gentlemen who attended came with the idea that they were going to learn a lot about horses, they went away thoroughly satisfied; and I feel certain

that we left a good impression behind. On one occasion, to enliven the proceedings for Sir Henry Loch and his party from Government House, I let my wife get on a buck-jumping pony that had disposed of all the young men of the place who had been rash enough to mount him. Though the little fellow did his best, he could not stir her in the saddle. This good performance was very warmly applauded. If a lady knows how to sit in her saddle properly, her seat will be far stronger than that of any man in a hunting saddle, and quite as firm as that of a practised rider in a buck-jumping saddle.

My wife's fine riding must have made a good impression, because after we had travelled through South Africa and returned to England, the *Cape Times* of the 1st February 1893 said: "There are few colonists outside of the towns who cannot stick to a horse over a rough country; but

it was a revelation even to the boldest of rough-riders to see Captain Hayes handle some unbroken animal of apparently diabolical temper, reduce him to a condition of infantine amiability, and consign him to Mrs. Hayes to be mounted, ridden round the field with a light hand, and, after acquitting himself like a lamb, to be rewarded perhaps with a bonne-bouche in the shape of a carrot or a lump of sugar."

Cape Town is a clean, well arranged city, which is surrounded by beautiful hills and valleys. Its climate is perfect; it has charming facilities for bathing, sailing, rowing, driving, and riding, and the people are pleasant and hospitable. If these good folk would only live in the town, and thus render the evenings enjoyable for holiday-makers, it would soon become a favourite resort for tourists, who would be naturally attracted to it by the delightful outward and homeward sea voyage. The only com-

plaint I heard against the municipal or other arrangements, was that the grass in the churchyard was allowed to grow too long. That difficulty in the village where we are at present living is overcome by the local churchwarden's sheep, which, not content with grass, devour all the flowers that are laid in loving memory on the graves.

"British workmen" or their descendants form the large majority of the English residents in South Africa. In their struggle after wealth, they do not appear to have had the inclination or opportunity to advance in education or culture beyond the standard of their ancestors. Their reading is chiefly confined to periodical literature and novels. Fluctuations of wealth have been so common among this essentially gambling community, that the possession or want of money makes but little difference as regards social distinction. The

well-born and well-educated are so few in number that they either form a negligeable quantity by remaining apart, or become merged in the crowd. In England, men are gentlemen by birth, education, or money. In South Africa, the only "guinea stamp" is the fact of being a white man. Consequently every English colonist regards himself as the social equal of everyone else, and is no more puffed up by that idea than he would be by the thought of there being practically no difference between his flesh, blood, and bones, and those of any of his neighbours. If he happens to earn his bread by the sweat of his face, he will make no blatant claim, as a working man, to superiority over those who have been born with the proverbial silver spoon in their mouths; for he considers that he is their equal, and they his equals. He will be a kind and helpful friend to you, so long as you treat him as he treats you; but no

patronising airs, please, or there will be a coolness, if not a fight. If you ask him to have a drink, he will consent with pleasure, and, when the fluid has disappeared, he will return the compliment. If you do not want to drink any more, it will be judicious to have a cigar instead of the whisky or beer, or say that you will only be too glad to let him "shout" next time you and he meet; but unless you want to insult him, don't play the rôle of the superior person by expressing your wish to pay for him. We all know that the average workman in England would take many such insults without getting angry. Not so the South African son of toil, whose independence of mind is above all praise. As regards education and attention to the observances which are current in good society, he is certainly not worse, even if he is little better, than the members of his class in England.

In Australia, where there is practically

no admixture of black and white blood, the rising generation are proud to call themselves Colonials or Australians, and would resent being termed Englishmen. In South Africa, where miscegenation is not unknown, the English-speaking inhabitants will brook no name but that of Englishmen. To style them Colonists would be an indignity; to allude to them as Africanders, an insult. We find the same thing in India, where there is an immense amount of mixed blood; and yet that famous warrior, Skinner, was proud of the cross. "What better fighting blood can you have than a colt by a Scotch sire, out of a Rajput dam?" he was wont to say.

Sir Henry Loch, who is a man of tact, as well as an aristocrat and a soldier, kept his people in good humour by playing to their social equality ideas. He used to invite all the shopkeepers of the place to his garden parties, and they in their turn

allowed him the honour of being governor over them, without his having anything to say to their administration. This amiable fooling kept both sides in good humour. We knew Sir Henry through our old Indian friend, General Monty Turnbull, with whom Sir Henry Loch had fought side by side in the Sikh war of 1847–49.

During the month we were at Cape Town we stayed at the Queen's Hotel, which is prettily situated on the shore of the ocean at Sea Point. It was then managed by the Cavanaghs, who made us comfortable, and, as there were several pleasant residents, we had an agreeable time. Miss Olive Schreiner was then staying at the hotel, and was busily writing against marriage. In this attempt she suffered, as far as I know, her first and only literary reverse; because, evidently failing to convince herself, she changed her name to that of Cronwright. She is sensible, hard-working, nice to other

ladies, full of original thought, and has a kindly, pleasant face.

Hearing that there was a leper asylum on Robben Island, which is in the bay three or four miles from Cape Town, my wife and I went to see it. There were many native and a few white and coloured sufferers. The good management of the place contrasted very favourably in our minds with the loathsome state of the Calcutta Leper Asylum, which was a disgrace to the officials of that city. The inmates of the Robben Island institution were very proud of a picture of the Queen, which Her Gracious Majesty, always ready to sympathise with misfortune, had sent them. Another kind donor had given them a piano. The patients were provided with various games, among which was a croquet set. As loss of feeling is a frequent symptom of leprosy, the mallets and balls got unintentionally knocked about a great deal by the players, whose deficiency

in tactile sensibility rendered them unable to regulate the force of their blows. The belief which almost every leper possesses, that a cure will be found for his malady, is inexpressibly sad to those of us who know how small is the chance upon which he bases his only hope.

Mr. W. A. Fitch, who was a cousin of an old Indian friend of ours, had charge of the men's side at Robben Island; and Mrs. Pownsey and Mrs. Down (I trust that I have spelt the names of these ladies correctly) superintended the female patients, and had two or three English girls as nurses under them. All these English people showed rare sympathy and marvellous devotion in tending the poor creatures who were slowly rotting to death. Their work is not without danger of the most terrible kind; for leprosy is a contagious disease, as we know from the death of Father Damien and others who contracted it. We

felt so anxious about Mr. Fitch, on account of the way he gave himself up wholly to relieving the misery around him, that some days after our visit my wife wrote to him, begging he would take every precaution against infection. In his reply he said, "Very many thanks for your kind and sympathetic letter. It is very good of you to take such interest in me, and I think perhaps I ought to take more care of myself, although I have not the slightest fear." Men and women who have fear, do not give up their lives to work in such places.

I saw Mr. Cecil Rhodes only once, when I was at the City Club, of which I was hospitably made a member. It was, like similar institutions at Kimberley, Johannesburg, Maritzburg, and elsewhere, a most pleasant place of meeting, where billiards, pool, draw poker, and the society of the best of fellows could be enjoyed without any of the stiff formalities which too often are the

bane of social life in England. As my heavy plunging days had long passed, I liked the South African rule at poker, that one could not make a rise of more than was on the table against one. A fixed maximum for a rise would of course be an anomaly which no true poker player would ever countenance.

Mr. Rhodes unfortunately hurt himself by a fall from his horse shortly after our arrival. I was told that he was fond of riding, as an exercise, but that he was not an expert horseman. At that time he was apparently devoted to the Africander Bond, and on account of his I.D.B. arrangements (p. 89, *et seq.*) he was supposed to be on excellent terms with Mr. Kruger. He "fetched" the Cape Dutch by his accessibility, easy manners, masterfulness, and entire absence of "side." The slack, not to say slovenly way he dressed, and the readiness with which he would stand or take a drink,

made them regard him as one of themselves.

Mr. Rhodes and his party were reactionary to a high degree. They levied heavy import duties on common necessaries of life, such as wheat (38 per cent.), flour (59 per cent.), paraffin oil (202 per cent.), and unrefined sugar (107 per cent.). These exactions in no way troubled the Dutch farmers, who lived almost entirely on the produce of their land and herds, but were keenly felt by the English residents. Mr. Rhodes and his party, in their efforts to *soigner* the Dutch, put no tax on Cape spirits; but as the Dutchmen seldom patronise foreign literature, imported books were subjected to a high import duty: 20 per cent., if I remember rightly. Having played into the hands of his Dutch friends, he did a bit "on his own" by taking advantage of his official position to favour the industry of his company by an unjust

and barbarously severe law, for which the De Beers Company gave no return, there being no tax put upon diamonds. Mr. Rhodes, as Premier, and his obedient followers raised the franchise monetary qualification from £25 to £75. He even tried to legalise the infliction of corporal punishment for offences, no matter how trivial, committed by servants towards their masters; but fortunately he failed to introduce this thin end of the wedge of slavery, which institution was apparently as dear to Mr. Rhodes as it is to his former friends. Whether his policy as Premier of the Cape Government was right or wrong, it was certainly un-English. We should not put all the blame on him; for although he was reactionary and self-seeking, his supporters were also reactionary and to a large extent corrupt.

After saying good-bye to our hospitable friends in Cape Town, we got on board

a steamer, and after a couple of pleasant days arrived at Port Elizabeth, which is a thriving commercial city, and is prettily situated on Algoa Bay. The newspapers had prepared our way so effectively that all I had to do was to give a lecture in the town hall. The Mayor, Mr. MacIlwrith, kindly took the chair, while I explained my programme, told yarns, amused my audience, and got up a big class, the members of which being all riding men, took an intelligent interest in the work. With the approval of keen horsemen like Mr. Wimble, Mr. Miles, Mr. Guthrie, Dr. Edwards, Mr. Lyons and others, I felt that all we had to do in South Africa was to go on and prosper.

Port Elizabeth has an influential turf club and capital racecourse, where many well-contested events are decided.

CHAPTER II

UP COUNTRY

Grahamstown—Dr. Edington—Horse-Sickness—Boers—Mr. Wilmot—Dalston and the Mule—A good Showman—A Cape Boy—October—Mr. Hilton Barber—South African Farmers—Cape Horses—Craddock—Bloemfontein—Colesberg—Roarers.

FROM Port Elizabeth we went to Grahamstown, which is about seventy miles inland. This place, at which I met Cape farmers for the first time, is what we would call in England a small market town, and is situated in a large agricultural district. There were several English residents, among whom Dr. Edington was the most interesting to me, because he was the Colonial bacteriologist, and was then, as he is now,

diligently studying "Cape Horse-Sickness."

As the *Times* and other papers, owing to the presence of our troops in South Africa, have drawn attention to this equine scourge, it may not be out of place if I take a rapid glance at its nature. I need not say much about it, because I have discussed it pretty fully in *Veterinary Notes for Horse-Owners*. The disease, which is almost always fatal, is characterised by the escape of immense quantities of watery fluid from the blood-vessels into various tissues. When the lungs are the chief seat of the malady, the fluid accumulates in the bronchial tubes and is discharged more or less as froth from the nostrils. At last this means of relief proves inefficient, and the animal becomes suffocated, or, to use Edington's expression, drowned in his own blood serum. The disease runs its fatal course, usually in about four days. The general idea in

South Africa is that it lasts only a couple of hours or even less. The cause of this mistaken opinion is evidently want of ability to recognise the fact that there is anything seriously wrong with the animal until the symptoms are of a well-marked character. As a rule, death from suffocation comes on very suddenly.

The elaborate and very skilful investigations made by Edington strongly support his conclusion, that horse-sickness is caused by a fungus that grows on herbage, and that this microbe attains its virulent form under certain conditions of moisture, such as we find in dew. Consequently, in infected districts, it is almost certain death for horses to graze while dew is on the ground. Hence the best preventive measure is to feed horses only on dry forage. If they have to stop out at night, they should if possible be kept in an enclosure (or *kraal*) in which there is no herbage. Edington

tells us that this disease appears to occur every year in some parts of the Colony, and that it assumes the form of an epidemic only at wide intervals of time, which is lucky, considering that, in 1854–55, 64,850 horses died of it, and 13,979 horses when I was there in 1892. February, March, and April are the worst months.

The Boers (farmers) whom I met were mostly of Dutch or French descent, with a few Englishmen. I saw no evidence of any race distinction being made by them towards each other, and they were all alike in the kindly way they received me. In fact, I was never able to tell their respective nationalities, except by their names and by the way they spoke English. The language test was not a reliable one, for many of the Africanders knew English as well or better than those whose parents had come from Great Britain. The people with French names sprang from such a long

line of ancestors who had resided in South Africa, that they were unalloyed Africanders. We see many similar cases of absorption of a French element by England, Russia, and Germany among the Protestant families who left France for these countries on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685.

While I was away at the first or second class, which I held at Grahamstown in a paddock belonging to one of the residents, a travel-stained, hardy-looking young Boer called at the hotel where we were staying and asked to see me. As I was out, he was referred to my wife, who told him that I was holding a class, but she did not know where it was. "I hear your husband is teaching people how to break in horses. Can he break in bad horses?" asked Mr. Wilmot, for that was the gentleman's name. As she replied in the affirmative, he said, "I have ridden thirty miles to see him, and have led along with me a

horse which none of us in this part of the country can ride, because he is such a terribly bad buck-jumper. Are you quite sure he can break *him*?" he asked, in a very serious tone of voice. She said, "You may be quite certain he can." "When will he be back?" he inquired. "I can't say exactly, but probably in an hour or two," she answered. "Then I'll wait," was his decision, and he sat down. He would not have a cigar or a whisky and soda, and was in no humour to talk or even read the proffered newspaper; probably because he did not approve of a lady who talked flippantly about the breaking of a horse that had made field-officers of every Boer who had ventured to mount him. At last I returned, and he explained to me the object that had brought him from his distant home in the hills. I promised that I would take his pony in hand next morning; and the *Eastern Province Herald* of the

15th February 1892 tells the result in the following words:—"Among the animals submitted to him was a four-year-old Basuto pony which was such a bad buck-jumper that his owner, Mr. Wilmot, a very fine horseman, thought it impossible that anyone could break him in. Acting on the sound principle of making a horse quiet before one gets on him, Captain Hayes took him in hand, and made him so obedient during his first lesson that the owner, not having brought a saddle, rode him bareback to the place where he was staying. He also rode him in the afternoon to the class, and was so pleased with the result that on bidding Captain Hayes good-bye, he said, with hearty appreciation, 'My horse has given in, and so have I.'" On the day of our departure from Grahamstown, he turned up at the hotel with a beautiful bunch of flowers, which he handed with a pleasant smile to my wife, saying

that his wife had sent them to her. He shook me heartily by the hand, and I knew that if we were ever to return to Grahamstown we would have friends to receive us.

What I particularly liked about Mr. Wilmot and the other Boers who attended my classes, was their anxiety to learn all they could about horses. They did not want to be amused by an exhibition; all they required for the two guineas I charged each of them, was knowledge that would be useful to them in their daily work. I feel certain that I satisfied them in that respect; for had I not done so, I could not have continued my tour.

It appeared that the members of my Port Elizabeth class had not had enough of us, for they wrote asking me to hold a second class in their city; so we returned to Algoa Bay with our assistant, who was a young Londoner of the clerk class, which is the worst of all for getting on in foreign

countries. He wrote a much better hand than I did. He was well-educated, sober, honest, respectful in his manner, punctual, attentive to business; and yet for want of a certain amount of "devil" and physical energy, he was only fit to be put behind a counter or at a desk, at neither of which kinds of work are there any vacancies in the Cape. Dalston (which will do as a name for him as well as any other), not being a hard-handed, resolute style of chap, was in a "stranded" state when I first met him. He could get no employment at Cape Town, and his prospects of suitable work up country, even if he had the money to go there, were even worse. I could not help wondering what on earth had ever induced him and hundreds like him to come to South Africa, for which they are as suitable as a one-legged man would be for sprinting. At the time I engaged Dalston, I was patiently waiting at Cape

Town for the completion of existing functions before starting our class, and hoped that, when it would be ready, my coadjutor would have learned to clean leather and steel work, and to know the names of the various portions of my saddle and bridle gear. This he did with alacrity, and displayed great intelligence in the manufacture of oxygen gas for our magic lantern. He understood the chemistry of the process quite as well as I did, and used to stop up half the night studying that portion of optics which refers to lenses and condensers. I was careful to explain to Dalston that the magic-lantern lectures I gave were merely a bit of byplay to the serious business of horse-breaking. I trusted that he would not become discouraged during the period of our enforced idleness, and promised to make him as expert as I was in the art of giving horses good manners and snaffle-bridle mouths. I

advised him not to be too venturesome with the horses in my forthcoming classes, and told him that when they came off, I would allow him only to hand me the gear which I required, so that he might have every advantage in observing the manner in which I "went about" difficult horses. One day, while holding a class at Port Elizabeth, I explained the wrong and the right way of lifting up a horse's hind leg, and, to give Dalston some encouragement, I granted him, as I considered, the great favour of showing the assembled gentlemen how an expert would "pick up" the near hind leg of a vicious mule which stood in the centre of the ring as a subject for experiment. Dalston, apparently misconstruing my meaning, acted to perfection the part of the typical novice for the enlightenment of whose ignorance I had come to South Africa. The mule did not enter into the joke, for the moment he put

his hand on her fetlock (instead of on her hamstring, as he ought to have done), she "let fly" and knocked him down with admirable precision. To turn the mishap to good account I ran forward, gathered up Dalston under one arm and sawed the air with the other, while I explained that although I had always advised my assistant to observe the principle of *point de zèle*, his youthful enthusiasm had outrun his prudence, and that, wishing to demonstrate the wrong method of lifting up a mule's hind leg, he had played his part in too realistic a manner. I lifted him on his feet, whispered an encouraging word or two, looked imploringly at him to see if I dared to tell the gentlemen present that he would now show them the right way of picking up the mule's hind leg; but, as I saw the poor fellow was in a state of abject fear, I did the job myself, and passed off the mishap as best I could. When the

class was over for that day, and while we were returning to our hotel, I explained to Dalston what a chance he had missed in not turning the accident to good account as any true showman would have done. He replied that he was not a showman. I pointed out that, according to the text beloved of Mr. John Hubert Moore, "they who take the sword shall perish with the sword." Dalston answered very meekly that he did not feel at all inclined to die, and that he would be very grateful if I would help him to go to Durban, where he knew a publican who would give him a job in his bar. I paid his passage, and, as I said good-bye to him on board the steamer, I was delighted to see that the "hunted" look which had of late become habitual to his face, was replaced by a happy, thankful expression of deliverance. We met again at the close of our tour at Natal. He was behind a bar and doing well. "Dalston,"

I said, "you ought to take up my game and run a show in a lot of places I have left out. You would make heaps of money, as you know all the business." "Serving drink at a bar is good enough for me," he replied. "I would not go near a horse if you gave me a thousand pounds." I laughed at this, as it reminded me of the mule; and to show I was friendly with him I gave him a ticket for our show, and hoped he would come. He promised he would do so; but he was probably afraid that he might tumble up against another mule, for he gave his ticket to someone else, and stayed away.

To illustrate the way in which a real showman would endeavour to turn disaster into profit, I may recount the two following incidents which befell Sample. On one occasion, the great American tamer, while holding a class, got into a light trap to which a horse that he had put through his system was harnessed. It seems that all

the "stuffing" had not been taken out of the animal; for, as it was being driven round the ring, it kicked, plunged, and finally upset the cart on top of Sample. Horror-stricken, the members of the class rushed into the ring to extricate their teacher from his perilous position. "Keep outside of the ring, gentlemen, please!" called out Sample from under the cart, "I am just showing you how *not* to do it." He then hailed his assistant, who pulled him out of harm's way. Sample adjusted his gear, gave the horse another dose of the "system," and drove it round in his usual fine style, to the immense delight and admiration of his audience.

Another time, when holding a class in America, the animal with which Sample was doing the head-and-tail trick fell down the wrong way by accident, and broke its neck. Thereupon, he called out to the irate owner, "How much did you value that horse at?" "Forty dollars," was the reply. "Here's

the money," said the showman, handing him that amount. "Now, gentlemen," continued Sample, "if you have got any more vicious horses to be killed, bring them along and I'll settle them up." His open-handed action of paying and looking pleasant made him a host of friends, and quickly brought back the forty dollars with liberal interest.

To be a good showman, a man requires not only to be clever, ingenious, and resourceful, but must also be ready to utilise flukes as well as carefully-played strokes. Some of my readers have no doubt heard of Rockwell, the famous American horse-tamer and trick teacher. This great expert had broken a pair of horses so admirably to harness that he was able to drive them about in a town, and make them walk, trot, turn corners, and pull up, without reins, their entire guidance being accomplished with almost imperceptible movements of

the whip. To bring horses, in the open and at liberty, to such a high state of training as this, required an extraordinary amount of skill, patience, and time from the teacher. Marvellous as this feat was, Sample accomplished by pure accident the still greater one of driving in tandem a leader which had neither reins nor traces. While touring through Australia, he was asked to break into harness a horse that used to persistently refuse to pull between the shafts. Wishing to take the animal with him to the place at which he was staying, he was going to hitch him to the back of his trap, when the horse, becoming frightened by something or the other, broke loose, and successfully resisted all efforts at recapture. Sample, tired of the pursuit and wishing to proceed home, got into the cart and drove off. He had gone only a little way when, to his surprise, he saw the loose horse range itself in front of the

harnessed one, and act as if it was in tandem. It quickened its pace, "slowed down," turned or pulled up in exact accordance with the wheeler. Sample kept the knowledge of this incident to himself, bought the horse, and by its means acquired a reputation for skill in breaking to harness even exceeding that of Rockwell, who, sad to relate, went down with his entire circus and troupe in a steamer which foundered at sea.

Having finished for the second time at Port Elizabeth, I decided to go to Craddock, and having left my wife with friends at Algoa Bay, I took with me in place of Dalston a light-weight lad who had been riding horses at exercise for one of the local trainers. He, like the majority of other "Cape boys," was a sort of Anglo-Hottentot-Dutchman. As he knew the country and could speak English and Dutch, I hoped he would be useful. While I was holding my

first class at Craddock, I broke in a very bad buck-jumper, and having fixed him up with a saddle on his back in such a manner that he could not buck, I told my *café au lait* friend to mount, while I held the horse. My nominal assistant begged to be excused, as he did not want to have his neck broken. Not wishing to argue out the subject before my pupils, I turned to a group of Kaffir boys who were standing by and offered ten shillings to anyone who would get on the horse. Hardly were the words out of my mouth before a tall, strapping Basuto, with a pleasant, ugly face, which reminded me of that of a favourite bull dog I once owned, strode up to me and said, with a cheery smile and a light-hearted toss of his head, "Baas, I'll ride him." Pocketing the half-sovereign I gave him, he threw his long legs across the animal and immensely enjoyed the futile efforts it made to break loose from my grasp. When, after about

ten minutes, it had given in, I unfixed it and gave the reins to October (that was the Basuto's name), who rode the animal quietly about the ring. These half-civilised Kaffirs are great users of second-hand clothing, and especially of cast-off uniforms; for they dearly love a bit of colour. October at that time affected a garb which was a cross between that of a cowboy and a costermonger. He had on an enormous slouch hat, smart jacket brightened up with bits of gay ribbon, scarlet sash round his waist, moleskin trousers, tight down to the knees, and from that opened out like bells over his No. 19 boots. After the breaking was over, I took him back with me to the hotel and engaged him as my servant at £6 a month. It was not likely that I would miss securing such a treasure as I recognised him to be. Brave, big-hearted October was destined to be my faithful companion through many adventures. He

was always the same willing, devoted helper. Nothing that I could do or say would make the slightest difference in his doglike affection for the "baas" he loved. Of all the men I have ever met, had I to choose one to be my companion, in danger, against man or beast, I would select October; for he knew no fear, and would do anything I told him. He was a man of simple tastes, and needed for amusement, after the day's work was done, only a bottle of *dop* (Cape brandy), which he would drink with one of his *vrows*, of whom he appeared to keep a relay at every place we went to. Not wanting the whity-brown boy for ornament, I paid him up, and saw him no more.

At Craddock I met a fine specimen of an English Cape farmer in Mr. Hilton Barber. He has a farm of over 100,000 acres, on which, among other things, he raises ostriches and racehorses. He is fond

of the great game and is a good sportsman. The custom in South Africa is to have immense farms, anything under 50,000 acres being considered a small one. A Boer does not feel comfortable if he can see from his own house the smoke from any other man's chimney. Fortunately, the ambition to be a large landed proprietor in that part of the world can be easily gratified; for land can be bought right out for half a crown an acre, and upwards. Owing to want of water, much of the land is unproductive, and the high price of labour restricts the amount of tillage within very narrow limits. Despite high protective duties, the most of the corn, and even of the flour, is imported. So backward is the practice of agriculture, that market gardening is almost unknown, except in Natal, where it is assiduously and profitably carried on by natives of India. The most of the vegetables eaten by white men are imported

in tins! So scarce are fresh vegetables in up-country towns, that, as a rule, those which come into the market are auctioned off singly. It was nothing uncommon to see a cauliflower which in England would cost twopence, knocked down to the highest bidder at three shillings. Throughout Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal, there is for sale plenty of well-watered ground admirably suited for market gardening; but no one seems anxious to enter into such a sound speculation. "They are too lazy or too well-off," you, my readers, will possibly remark. Neither alternative, I think, quite explains the case, which is, more probably, one arising out of the unsettled state of men's minds in South Africa, where booms and collapses have followed each other in demoralisingly rapid succession. The farmers have few wants. A suit of clothes lasts them for years. They don't buy

books, back horses, smoke any tobacco which they don't grow, drink any liquor which they don't make, or eat any food which their farms do not produce. They don't keep fast society, gamble, go to theatres, or "take any delight out of themselves," as we say in Ireland. With a minimum of trouble, they make more than they can spend with raising cattle, Angora goats, merino sheep, and ostriches. It is not likely that they should bother about anything which cannot propagate and develop itself without assistance. I am afraid that some of them are just a little lazy; for I have known several instances of these gentlemen buying harness horses, when they had hundreds of animals running wild on their land; but they did not care to take the trouble of catching those they required and breaking them in.

Among the South African farmers' sources of income I have not mentioned horses,

which, though they abound throughout the country, do not bring in much money to their breeders. The Cape horse of forty or fifty years ago was a strong, serviceable animal that was well up to remount form, and was prized in cavalry regiments in India. At present he is as extinct as the quagga. His place is now taken by a weedy slave, who, though sound and hard-working, is singularly deficient in spirit and strength. Colonel Swaine, who commanded the 11th Hussars when I met that regiment in Natal, told me that it was impossible to get horses which had speed enough for purposes of manœuvre. The South African troopers of his regiment were a very "scratch" lot, and cost about £40 apiece. The average unbroken Cape horse fetches about £7. The farmers have not only to contend against scarcity of grass from want of water, but are also menaced every season by that awful equine scourge, "horse-sickness,"

which slays an average of, probably, twenty thousand horses a year. With the fear of this terrible plague over them, it is no wonder that the breeding of horses is neglected. The well-watered parts of South Africa are admirably suited to this purpose, not only as regards ordinary requirements, but even for racing, if we may judge by the capable way such horses as Prosecutor, Goschen, Stockwell, and others, have held their own against imported thorough-breds.

Having to struggle against the want of water and the frequent occurrence of horse-sickness, it is greatly to the credit of the farmers that they endeavour to improve the breed of their horses as much as they do, by the importation of fresh blood and by the establishment of agricultural shows. As I acted as a judge at several of these shows (Bloemfontein, Colesberg, Pretoria, Pietermaritzburg, etc.), I can personally testify to the nature of their manage-

ment, which I found was excellent in all cases.

Throughout South Africa there is an immense number of horses raised in a semi-wild state on the various farms. Very few of these animals would be, from an English, Australian, or Indian point of view, worth breaking; for the privations they have to undergo from want of grass make them weak and listless. Four of them harnessed to a two-wheeled Cape cart, or a dozen of them attached to a coach, serve their purpose admirably; for when their work is done they need no further attention than to be turned out into the *veldt* to cater for themselves, though the owner may at times pamper them up with a little Indian corn and some oat hay. Such horses, even if they could be obtained for nothing, would not be worth exporting to India or to any other country. The really serviceable horses, say those up to light cavalry

remount form, would fetch more money in South Africa than in India. Consequently, we may regard the exportation of horses from Africa as a thing of the past, at least for many years to come, and until a preventive to horse-sickness has been discovered.

While I was at Craddock, Mr. Hilton Barber sent me over, to experiment on, a five-year-old mare which had never been handled, and which, from having been allowed her liberty so long, had become very artful. Expecting to see the mare led into the ring, I was greatly surprised to see her driven into an adjoining yard in company with two or three other loose horses. This was my first experience of having to tackle an absolutely wild loose horse. Though she hit out all round, and was cunning and quick, I put on a halter by means of a long stick without much difficulty. My real trouble now began,

for nothing would induce her to "lead." She fought and struggled, and when she found that she could not get away, she threw herself so violently on the ground that I thought she would kill herself. As often as I forced her on her legs, so often would she throw herself down the moment I tried to put any restraint on her. Seeing that this was a determined case of "sulks," which would be tedious to cure, and not knowing how to get her into the breaking ring without injury to her, I passed her over, and took another subject, which I thought would make a better show. I frankly confess that this mare defeated me, for I had never before met any animal quite of her sort. I may plead, as some excuse, that the flooring of this yard was so hard that any attempt to break her on it was quite out of the question. As my breaking ring was in an open field, I could not catch her in it. On the other hand,

although I was able to halter her in the yard, I could not induce her to lead out of it without the risk of her injuring herself against the trees and stones which were in it.

From Craddock, October and I went to Bloemfontein, which is the capital of the Orange Free State. There I met some very kind friends in Mr. Reitz the President, Mr. Williams of Tempe, Mr. Raafe the High Sheriff, and others. I was now with the Boers, among whom news travels so slowly that I thought it advisable to give a free show to His Honour the President, Mrs. Reitz, and a few representative gentlemen. To test my skill, they brought me a horse which no one had previously been able to handle, and which had been given up as a bad job by the best Boer breakers. It was driven in loose into the showyard, and I haltered it as soon as I got it into a corner. It showed plenty of fight without

any sulking, and accordingly gave in after a short time, so that October and also one of the local grooms could ride it about quietly. As my audience were thorough horsemen, they greatly appreciated the quickness and efficacy of my methods of breaking. I got up a good class.

Although the Free State Boers are now helping their cousins of the South African Republic in the present war, they had very friendly feelings towards the English when I was with them. They are fond of horses, and pay a good deal of attention to breeding.

From Bloemfontein I went to Colesberg, which, though only a village, is the capital of the best horse-breeding district in Cape Colony. Hearing that my teaching was well worth the two guineas a head I was charging for it, all the young farmers of the place trooped in and paid their money. I had lots of good subjects, and left behind

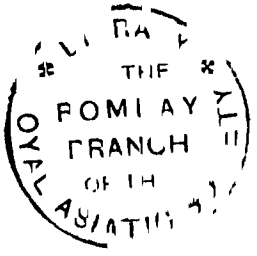
me a large number of expert horse-breakers, who I know will remember their old instructor with kindly feelings for many a year. I must say that I have never met men more anxious to learn sound, practical work about horses than these young South African farmers. Having been outrageously swindled time after time by so-called Englishmen, who were mostly East-end Jews, the Boers as a rule are apt to regard every man who speaks English as a thief. But if one is fortunate enough to gain their confidence, they will give it without reserve.

I saw at Colesberg for the first time the inner working of a small up-country newspaper establishment. The sheet in question, if I remember its name rightly, was the *Colesberg Advertiser*, the editor and proprietor of which was also the reporter and compositor. The ladies of his family did the proof reading, and helped to furnish

interesting local items. The result was highly creditable.

At Colesberg I had the pleasure of meeting the Van Zyls, who are wealthy landowners and great lovers of horses, and Alec Robertson of Stormfontein, who goes in largely for the breeding of thoroughbreds, and with capital results. He and Mr. Homan, another rare good sportsman, owned Candlemas, who was full brother of St. Blaise. Although Candlemas was a terribly bad roarer, all his stock were sound in their wind. The same can be said of the "noisy" Belladrum, who after winning the Two Thousand Guineas was sent out to the Cape for breeding purposes. His produce did no good, as they almost all turned out light in bone and weedy. Although roaring is common in damp, cold climates, it is practically unknown in dry, warm ones like South Africa, India, and Arabia. It is far less frequent in Australasia than at

home. Big horses are more liable to it than small ones, and grain-fed animals than those which are restricted to grass. From Colesberg I went to Kimberley, at which place I had arranged for my wife to meet me.



CHAPTER III

KIMBERLEY

Lecturing at Kimberley—Badly reported—The De Beers Company — Squaring Governments — Trapping — I.D.B. — Horse-breaking — Equine Friendships — Wasters and Remittance Men—Captain Goodwood —Broken-down Officers — Manners and Customs in South Africa—Kimberley Exhibition.

AS I had a letter of introduction from a fellow-clubsman, Captain Gordon Hughes, the crack pigeon shot, to Captain R. E. Wallace, who was one of the chief diamond valuers to the De Beers Company, and as our names by that time were well known through the country, we soon made the acquaintance of all the good people of Kimberley. Since then, I regret to say that my friend "Daddy" Hughes had some

private worries, and disappeared, of course with his gun, from my sight and that of London. As he had two sons in South Africa, and often talked to me about that country, I presume that he is out there now, and is waiting only for the cessation of the war to establish a gun club at the Randt.

The Kimberley people, like everyone else we met in South Africa, were kind and hospitable to us, and we had the good fortune to meet Dr. and Mrs. Hillier, of whom we saw a good deal while there. Dr. Hillier had been an assistant to Dr. Jameson, and like him did "time" in Pretoria. I wonder what these two medical gentlemen would have thought of a soldier who, without any previous training, was rash enough to attempt a difficult surgical operation? Dr. Hillier, I believe, had nothing to do with that to-be-dated-letter business. He rides well, is fond of horses,

and was a prominent member of the local hunt, the master of which was that good sportsman, Mr. Fenn. I am sorry that we were not at Kimberley during the hunting season, so can say nothing about the sport, which I heard was really good. It consisted, I believe, in the coursing of the steinbok (*Antilope tragulus*), which is about twenty inches high at the withers, and is so fleet that it takes a deal of catching. Although there are no fences on the *veldt*, which in that respect is like a Russian *steppe* or an Indian *maidan*, the ground is anything but safe "going," because it is full of holes made by *mercats* (ant-cats) and ant-bears. The *veldt* is singularly free from trees or even shrubs, and one may go for hundreds of miles without seeing on it any larger form of plant life than stunted grass or *karoo*, which is a green-coloured weed that grows to about a foot in height.

At the time of our visit, the inhabitants

were enjoying the calm before the storm which Mr. Rhodes was preparing for them. Knowing that Kimberley was the hotbed of I.D.B., he had issued orders that it was to be destroyed, by removing all the employés of the De Beers Company from it, and locating them in the new town of Kenilworth entirely by themselves. He arranged that their wants should be supplied by Company's stores, on terms against which no private individual in Kimberley could compete, and gave them every facility for recreation and amusement. The streets of smart shops, the broad roads with fine trees on each side, the luxuriously built villas, the large hotels, the best club in South Africa were all doomed to decay in the near future. Yet a short respite was given, for the South African Exhibition was to be held at Kimberley in four or five months' time. Many of the residents, deeming the first loss the least, had disposed

of their property for what it would fetch, and had departed, in the majority of instances, to Johannesburg or the Randt, as it is familiarly called. But others held on in the hope of making a fortune during the three months of exhibition time. These men are so accustomed to take the rough with the smooth, the lean with the fat of life, that they seemed to be but little affected by their impending financial doom. Anyhow, the tightness of money, about which I had heard and read a good deal, luckily did not prevent them from coming to my class.

In order to explain my programme and to put myself *en rapport* with the people, I gave a lecture one evening in the town hall on horse-breaking, and Mr. Lawrence, the Mayor, kindly took the chair. I felt myself in good form, told lots of yarns, made the audience laugh, and must have pleased them; for after my talk was over, I

had a large number of applicants to join my class. Although I may carefully think over what I am going to say, and may even jot down a few short notes to be used while I am speaking, I always find that when I begin to talk about horses, from a platform, the subject carries me away, so that I am guided neither by notes nor by any pre-arranged plan. In this I believe I am no loser; for if I were to pay more attention than I do to the choice of my words and to the construction of my sentences, I would weaken the interest of the audience in the subject-matter of the discourse. Besides, when a man is thinking of his words (as when reading from a book, or when repeating by heart) or of himself, more than of his subject, he almost always speaks in an unnatural tone of voice, on account of involuntarily pitching his voice in too high a key, and will consequently fail to impress his hearers, no matter how

beautiful his words or how admirable his reasoning may be. During the forenoon of the day on which I was to lecture at Kimberley, Mr. Wilson, the editor of the *Diamond Fields' Advertiser*, came to see me at the Grand Hotel, and asked me to give his reporter, before I went on the platform, a copy of the address I was going to deliver, so that it might appear to the best possible advantage in the newspaper next morning, and would thus be free from any errors the shorthand man might make. I gratefully thanked him, and promised compliance, but was so occupied with visitors that day that I forgot all about the promised manuscript. As I was dressing for dinner, before going up to the town hall, I suddenly remembered that I was to give a copy of my lecture to the reporter. As there was then no time to write it, I thought I might utilise an article which I had very carefully written on the

same subject for another paper, but which I had kept back for some reason or the other. This I handed to the reporter on my arrival at the hall, with the uncomfortable feeling that my audience would, after reading their paper on the following morning, conclude that the local proof-reader had outrageously embellished my discourse of the preceding evening. When I saw Mr. Wilson on the next night he laughingly told me that I had unwittingly placed him in a very awkward position, for several of his subscribers who had heard my yarn and who had read its supposed reproduction in the newspaper, had written to him saying that it was a disgrace to Kimberley that such an admirable lecture should have been so badly reported!

The great success of the De Beers Company is due to their having been able to buy up the mines of their rivals, and to hold I.D.B. (illicit diamond buying) in

check. In both these immense undertakings the genius of Mr. Rhodes has helped them greatly. To make a "corner" in diamonds, he had to be strong; but to keep I.D.B. in control, he had also to work on the fine old principle, that every man has his price. As English law supposes that everyone is innocent until proved guilty, and that the burden of proof lies on the person who asserts the affirmative, it was manifestly inadequate to grapple with this contraband trade. The De Beers people accordingly drafted out laws which they considered would meet the difficulty, and by judicious "squaring" induced the Cape Parliament to put them into force. It would be preposterous to suppose that if the House of Assembly had not been "squared," and very well "squared" too, it would have enacted that anyone found in possession of an uncut diamond could, without further evidence, be sent to penal servitude, unless

he or she could conclusively prove that the stone had been lawfully obtained; that conviction would follow such detected possession, even if the accused person could prove that he or she had innocently obtained the diamond from police officers of the Company, who had given it with the deliberate intention of betraying the receiver; and that all such convictions were summary, without any trial by jury. The Company made no secret about their system of "trapping," which they tried to excuse on the plea that it was essential to their existence, and averred that it was never put in force, except against those whom they had good reason to know were engaged in the illicit traffic. As their detectives obtained rewards for convictions, innocent people were of course now and then trapped. The victims, however, had the consolation of knowing that although it was naturally a hardship to have to "do time" on the "breakwater" at

Cape Town, where they are sent for I.D.B., it is not much of a disgrace in the eyes of the South African public, who, directly or indirectly, have had a fairly large connection with the game. Not only was the policy of "squaring" legislative assemblies successful in Cape Colony, in which the possessions of the De Beers Company lie, but it must have been extended to the neighbouring, though foreign, Governments of the Transvaal and Orange Free State, to have induced them to adopt the Cape Colony law against I.D.B. As no diamonds had up to that time been found in either of these States, it would be absurd to think that their rulers would have supported a manifestly unjust law, which in no way conduced to the well-being of their people, unless they had been bribed. Viewed from a purely commercial standpoint, the De Beers people were not to be blamed for their handling of the I.D.B. question. If they adopted discreditable

means to accomplish their ends, their enemies, who had begun the battle, fought even more unfairly.

I.D.B. is a subject around which a great deal of romance has centred in the minds of emotional people in South Africa. We had pointed out to us the Jew millionaire whose prolific *chère amie* used to go to England every year for her annual interesting event. On one particular important occasion, having her feet firmly planted on English ground, she refused to deliver up the burden she carried, until her "friend" had made her an "honest woman." This he did with the best grace he could; for he regarded her as a lesser evil than the loss of his uncut diamonds. There were Africander or native "runners," who, before the "squaring" of the Orange Free State, used to carry "parcels" across the frontier on specially-trained racehorses. These "boys" took a pride in their hazardous

calling, and used to swagger about Kimberley in the smartest of riding toggery, drinking champagne at a guinea a bottle, smoking half-crown cigars, and generally misconducting themselves. The female detectives of course made a point to "trap" their rivals in love. A policeman who had been censured for "slackness" for not obtaining convictions, induced, after a great deal of persuasion, a friend who was far from well off, to lend him five pounds, and after insisting on his benefactor keeping in pledge an uncut stone which he gave him, informed on him, with the result that the unfortunate friend got three years penal servitude. Another policeman put two of his friends, with whom he used to go on short trips across the frontier to shoot, into a serious predicament by, when he was over the "line" one day, bidding his friends good-bye, and riding off towards Natal, where the I.D.B. law is not in force, with of course a

"parcel" concealed somewhere about him. There were lots of stories about the detectives who used to fish along the roads by means of uncut stones which they laid down as ground bait, and when, from their place of concealment, they saw a verdant passer-by pick up the diamond and go on as if nothing particular had occurred, they would sally forth, seize him, and bear him off to summary injustice. As many of the female "tecs" were also *demi-mondaines*, they had unusually good facilities, which they fully utilised, for "trapping" their lovers.

One of the first horses given to me to break in at Kimberley was a black stallion that was driven, along with his harem of about a dozen mares, into the enclosure in which I was holding my class. He was about six years old, and was so wild and violent that, although he had been caught once or twice, he had successfully resisted

all efforts which had been made to secure him. In a short time I had him saddled, and gave October the signal to mount. The hitherto untamed one carried his black burden quietly round the ring, and allowed the Basuto to dismount and mount again without making any attempt at "playing up." Not alone had all idea of active hostility against his captors been removed out of his mind, but the far more difficult task of "taking the sulk out of him" had been accomplished for the time being. His education was now so far advanced that he would require only a few more lessons to confirm the habit of obedience.

Almost all the horses that were brought to me at Kimberley were semi-wild ones which were driven in off the *veldt*. One of these subjects was followed into the ring by a goat, which tried to butt every-one who attempted to make him quit his equine friend. The goat appeared to take

an intelligent interest in the proceedings, and as soon as I had finished with his companion, and had driven him out of the enclosure, the goat followed him, and the strange pair went off at full gallop to the distant pasturage from which they had been taken. It is worthy of remark that this friendship had been cemented while these animals were in a practically wild state. While at Cape Town I noticed the existence of a friendship between a horse and a cow, both of whom, by keeping constantly together, showed that they valued each other's society. On more than one occasion I have known amicable relations to be entertained between a cat and a horse. In such instances the love of puss appeared to me to be wholly selfish, and that she liked to lie on the horse's back because it supplied her with a warm couch, from which this inveterate lover of ease and pleasure could watch the movements of the

mice that came out in search of the grains of corn which had fallen from the manger. A racing pony mare which I owned, and which was barren, indulged in the kindly freak, when she had been turned out to grass in her old age, of adopting a motherless foal, and was never happy unless it was close to her side. Captain Beresford of the Royal Artillery once had in India a racing pony called Potboy, who would go nowhere unless he was accompanied by a particularly ugly and worthless pony mare, who accordingly spent her time walking about training grounds and attending race meetings, at which her friend Potboy was engaged to run. If she did not go down with him to the starting-post, he would persistently refuse to go forward when the flag was dropped.

A man who has seen the world, and especially if he has been a soldier, is almost certain to meet in South Africa

some of his companions of former days and of different scenes. The majority of these exiles are "wasters," as a rule from "drink," though in a few cases absolute incapacity for business is their only fault. One in twenty, to take a liberal estimate, makes money, and attains to a good position. In all "foreign parts" are to be found a class of Englishmen who, to use a New Zealand expression, we may call "remittance men," on account of their always averring, when seeking temporary assistance, that they are waiting for a remittance from home. Such folk as a rule are no good either to themselves or to the colony in which they reside; for with few exceptions they prefer to "cadge" and "loaf" on anyone who is good-natured enough to listen to their tale of woe, than to pull off their coats, roll up their sleeves, and work. What a lot of money I might have

saved on different occasions, had I acted on Fred Gooch's wise aphorism, that "people who are no good to themselves are no good to anyone else." However graphically they may "tell the tale" about the love which their rich relations in England bear to them, the fact remains that the said "friends" are delighted to have seen the last of them, and would on no account send them money to return and annoy the family. Making them "shift" for themselves is the truest kindness. To give a case in point, I may relate that of Captain Goodwood (which is not far from his name), who was in the service when I knew him in India. He was then a tall, smart, good-looking fellow, fond of horses, hospitable, "good company," member of a very old family, and close to the succession of an earldom; but volatile. In fact, so much so that he took no pleasure in doing anything

that was staid. On account of his connections and pleasant manners, his colonel "stood" him as long as he could, and then gave him the best possible advice, namely, to clear out. The next place I met him was at a horse show at a country town, where he was a local magnate, on account of having married a charming young lady of great wealth, every penny of which her guardians, knowing their man, had insisted on putting under her entire control. I lost sight of him for a year, and then met him in London, looking as *debonnaire* and well dressed as ever, though with a slight suspicion of anxiety in his eyes. He appeared overjoyed to see me—why I could not just then tell—and begged me to come that evening to supper at his rooms, the address of which he gave me. I went there, and met, besides my host, his brother and a couple of men who had

that undefinable something about them which indicated more the bird of prey than the homely pigeon or goose. We sat down to play a game of cards called Marmora, in which three cards are placed face downwards on the table in front of each player, and one card is turned up as the trump. A pool having been formed, the player on the left of the dealer is asked how much he will "go"; his chance of winning being that one of his three cards, none of which he has as yet seen, will be of the same suit and of higher value than the turned-up card. Naturally, if a two or a three of, for instance, hearts has been exposed, the player will feel justified in thinking that he has among his three cards a heart which will beat it, and will "go the lot," or a good part of it. Having declared the amount of his bet, he will turn up his three cards, whether he has to draw the money from

the pool, or, in the event of his losing, to pay an equal amount into it. The next player will then be asked how much he will "go," and so on. The amount in the pool will naturally fluctuate greatly; for it may have to be frequently made up by general subscription, or it may increase to a very high value by a rapid succession of bold though unlucky declarations. My host's brother and myself played the game in a way which even Cavendish would have admired, and went "the lot" only when a two or a three was turned up, which was frequently; but fortune or skill proved monotonously unkind. The strangers, on the contrary, played with seemingly the most deplorable recklessness, and went "the lot" even when a knave or a ten was against them, and always won when the pool was big. I did not continue this game long; but quite long enough to lose a considerable

sum, as it was very "warm" while it lasted. Although from the peculiar and remarkably skilful manner in which the strangers manipulated the cards, I thought I had reason to suspect that they had played with what Mr. Labouchere calls "the advantages," I paid up and went away, vowing that I would have nothing further to do with a gentleman who cultivated the acquaintance of such highly gifted card-players. Sometime afterwards I was glad to hear that Captain Goodwood's friends, not being satisfied with his ways, had renounced him and all his works, and with commendable fortitude had decided that he should never again spend a single penny of their money. I heard no further tidings of him for several years, and concluded that he had had the good taste to die, until I happened one day in South Africa to go into a wayside bar to have a drink. As I laid down the glass, my

eyes fell on a well-known face, sodden with bad brandy and worse whisky, yet having in it a few traces of those of a soldier and a gentleman. I felt so sorry enough for the poor waif, in whom I recognised the once handsome and brilliant Captain Goodwood, as to take him into lunch, and give him as much food as he could eat, and as much liquor as I thought good for him to drink. When he had lighted a cigar, and had poured out his second or third glass of Benedictine, I threw off the *rôle* of stranger which I had assumed, and, addressing him by name, asked him in a cheery way how he had been getting on. In his old light-hearted way he described his adventures, and how he had at last settled down as a simple member of the Cape Mounted Police, on the inclusive pay of five shillings a day, out of which he had to keep his horse, and to feed, lodge, and clothe him-

self. I could not help thinking that he was much better thus than at his old games in town, after which his soul hankered day and night.

Another old acquaintance I met was one of the good-natured fool sort. He had been second in command of a smart Hussar regiment, had left the service and had drifted out to South Africa, where his too readily made friends had robbed him of all his ready money, and left him in the old, old way, waiting for remittances. Another man whom I knew slightly, and who had commanded a distinguished infantry regiment, was hawking milk round Johannesburg. I am afraid that soldiering is not a good training for life in South Africa.

Literary globe-trotters who come out to South Africa and publish their *impressions de voyage*, have viewed, as a rule, the manners and customs of the people from a wrong standpoint. Having generally been

accustomed to the society of people of good education and of sufficient leisure to cultivate the refinements of comfort, if not of luxury, they do not realise the fact that the moneyed people with whom they associate in South Africa are the representatives of the artisans and tradesmen of England and Holland. Consequently, it is unfair to apply to them a standard of culture which is not appropriate to their class. In the education which is to be derived from social intercourse, as well as from books, South Africa has of late years made rapid strides, and there is no doubt but that in the near future, when society has settled down, the most of the relics of barbarism, which either amuse or annoy the visitor, will be removed, even before they are things of the past in the parent countries. The member of the Athenæum, Carlton, or Army and Navy Club who comes out, probably remarks that the ordinary man whom he meets, cares but

little for art, science, or literature; that he pronounces the words "clerk" and "Derby" as they are spelt; that when speaking of his wife, he calls her Mrs. (whatever her surname may be); that he considers a lady a fine musician if she can play a waltz on the piano; that, when comfortably seated, he is not particularly inclined to jump up and offer his seat to a lady who is obliged to stand for want of a place to sit on; that when ladies are present, he sometimes thinks it superfluous to ask their permission if he wishes to light his pipe or cigar; and that he sees no harm in cleaning his nails in public and even at meals. The visitor will also be surprised to find that at hotels the waiter invariably brings him cold instead of hot milk with his coffee; and that the horrible cesspool system of sanitation is almost universal up country. If, however, he be a man of the wide, and not only of his own narrow, world, he will know that

in similar grades of life in Holland and in England the people are equally, if not more, deficient in education and refinement. As regards any want there may be of studied courtesy towards women, we must remember that South African ideas on that important subject are to a certain extent, those of the Dutch farmers, who look upon their womankind more as useful household drudges than as intellectual equals. At the same time, I must say that if these colonists do not make a great parade of their politeness to ladies, it is not for want of goodness of heart; for they could not possibly be kinder or more obliging than they are to them in any time of need. The one thing which they do not go in for is "style." Their saddlery is the commonest stuff which comes out of Walsall, and is rarely cleaned. Their bits and stirrup-irons are never touched with a burnisher; and their horses are seldom groomed. The

rising generation in South Africa are to be admired for their independence and readiness of resource.

My wife's pluck and skill in riding bad horses and those that had never been previously bridled or saddled, was immensely admired, especially by the Kimberley ladies, whom I had put on the free list, as almost all of them were wives, daughters, or sisters of the members of my class. As all the men had a great deal to do practically with horses, they were never tired of listening to me while I held forth on my favourite subject, or of watching me handling, mouthing, and teaching to jump the animals they brought me. Needless to say that my cup of happiness was full. Our work here was so warmly appreciated, that the committee of the South African Exhibition, which was to be held four months later in Kimberley, invited me to hold performances during the three months of

the Exhibition time. They offered me 75 per cent. of the "gate," and promised that they would pay all expenses for advertising, seating, and lighting. The offering of these liberal terms was a good proof that they considered that our show would be a big "draw." Unfortunately, I was unable to fulfil this engagement; for the rough work through which we subsequently went, injuriously affected my wife's health so much, that she felt it would be impossible for her to bear the fatigue of riding day after day at the Exhibition. As I would have to run the affair entirely as a show and not as a class, I felt that I could not work it properly single-handed. I had intended to have gone home and to have brought out some big jumping horses; but the time was too short to make these arrangements. So, greatly to our regret, we were unable to return to Kimberley.

CHAPTER IV

DIAMONDS

THESE precious stones form such a large industry in South Africa, that it may not be inappropriate if I devote a short chapter to them.

They are obtained either by mining or by surface washing. The former operation is incomparably the more important one of the two, and as it requires an immense capital, it is worked by companies. The latter is the sole kind of diamond hunting open to private enterprise, and is pursued, principally, on the Vaal River, with financial results which are not as a rule very satisfactory. Although the diamonds found there are inclined to be small and of not

very frequent occurrence, they are generally "white."

A diamond mine appears to occupy the site of some old volcanic eruption, during which a mass of liquid material burst through the overlying strata on its way to the surface, and, on cooling, assumed the appearance of a slaty-coloured hardened earth, known technically as "blue ground." This formation does not appear usually to have reached the surface, at which it is generally covered by a bed of "yellow ground." The "blue" is the essentially diamond-bearing deposit, although there is a certain but small proportion of diamonds scattered through the yellow ground. The pretty, translucent stones with which children used to play on the *veldt* now possessed by the De Beers syndicate, and which, on being recognised by a passing traveller as diamonds, gave the first hint of the enormous wealth that lay beneath

the surface, doubtless came from yellow ground. When a main shaft of blue ground has been tapped, there appears to be practically no limit to its depth. The increased expense, due to the continued sinking of the mine, is often more than compensated for by the proportionate richness, in diamonds, of the "blue," the farther it lies from the surface: I feel that I must omit all detailed mention of the manner in which the diamonds are extracted from their matrix, and of the extraordinary precautions which are taken to prevent the stealing of these stones; for it would take me too far away from the main subject of this book.

The De Beers Company have obtained control, not only over all the South African mines, but also over all those that are worth working in other countries. Finding that the world will spend yearly not more than £4,000,000 sterling on diamonds for himself

and his wife, the Company regulates its output, so that, without seriously depreciating the value of these precious stones, it will issue just enough of them, and no more, to secure the £4,000,000. The output necessary to attain this object forms only a small part—probably not a twentieth—of the diamonds that it would be possible to dig up year after year. Any attempt to glut this narrowly restricted market would not only fail to extract more money from the public, but would almost certainly have the evil effect of rendering these stones unfashionable from their cheapness. Had the companies which the De Beers people "bought up," continued to work in rivalry, this result ere now would have come to pass, and diamonds might perhaps have ceased to merit the name of "precious stones." I may explain that a stone to be "precious," must be rare, beautiful, and permanent enough in its nature to stand

wear. With the exception of the Kimberley and Jagersfontein mines, all the others have been closed, so as to keep down the superabundant supply. The Kimberley mine is remarkable for its extraordinary richness; though the stones extracted from it are, as a rule, of inferior quality. The Jagersfontein mine, though not nearly as productive as the other, turns out diamonds of great purity. As regards quality, we may divide diamonds into "white" stones, "off colour" stones, and "fancy" stones. A stone to be "white" should be free from the slightest trace of yellow (the besetting sin of these minerals), brown, red, or any other colour except blue, of which a faint shade greatly adds to the value. "Off colour" stones are those which are slightly though manifestly tinged with any colour except blue. They are worth comparatively little, even when the shade is perceptible only to trained eyes, and even when the

diamond, thus discounted, might have finer lustre than an ordinary white stone. Diamonds which are decidedly off colour find a market chiefly among the native princes of India. When, however, the colour is deep without affecting the lustre, the stone is called a "fancy" stone, and might fetch, per carat, even a higher price than the most beautiful blue-white stone. As such a diamond is not "every man's money," the owner of one, if he wished to sell it, might have to wait a long time before he got a customer. The commonest off colour and fancy stones in South Africa are yellow, amber, brown, and reddish brown. Some of the deep yellow ones look very well, and closely resemble yellow rubies; but are more brilliant, and far more costly. Deep amber is a favourite shade, in which I can see but little beauty. I met with no pure red diamonds in Kimberley. As far as I know, the only

blue diamonds of fair size in existence are the historic Hope Diamond, and one which is supposed to be a broken-off portion of the Hope. Before the discovery of diamonds in South Africa, the value of a diamond was reckoned to increase according to the square of its weight. Thus, if a white brilliant of one carat was worth £8, a similar one of two carats would have been worth £32; of three carats, £72; and so on. This enhanced price was due to the extreme rarity of large stones in those days. This scarceness disappeared with the advent of South African diamonds, among which there are so many of a not easily saleable size, that the big ones are often cut into two or more pieces, so that they may be sold separately. As a rule, the public do not care to buy diamonds of a greater weight than four carats. If a diamond exceeds that limit, it will cost too much and will be too obtrusive in appearance for

ordinary people. It is altogether a mistaken idea that South Africa does not produce as good diamonds as ever came out of Golconda or Brazil. There is nothing in any high-class white cut diamond to indicate from what country it comes. In the majority of cases, an expert can tell not alone from what country, but also from what mine an uncut stone was produced. A white uncut stone looks not much unlike a lump of alum which has been subjected to the action of water.

By the kindness of Captain Wallace we had while at Kimberley several opportunities of visiting the De Beers sorting-room, in which scores of thousands of pounds-worth of uncut diamonds were laid out on separate sheets of paper, according to their colour and other peculiarities. Their crystalline form, in many cases, was wonderfully perfect, and was specially interesting to a mineralogist.

CHAPTER V

TRAVELLING AND HORSEMANSHIP

South African Railways — Coaching across the *Veldt*—Driving Twelve-in-Hand—Driver and Guard—Food for Horses — Oat Hay — Temper of South African Horses—South African Method of Horse-breaking—Horsemanship in South Africa and Australia—Tying Horses to posts in the Streets—Knee-haltering—The *Veldt*.

AS the journey from Kimberley to Johannesburg, where I had arranged to go, was rough and costly, I thought it best to leave my wife at Kimberley, where we had several good friends, and to attack the Randt alone. After a wearisome journey of two nights and a day in an uncomfortable train service, I arrived at Kronstadt, which is a small town in the Orange Free State,

and had then to travel twenty-four hours in a coach before arriving at Johannesburg, the capital of the gold fields.

The way in which the railways, a Government monopoly, were managed in Cape Colony was a disgrace to a civilised country. The fact that the amount of the particular fares were not printed, as they are in all civilised countries, on the tickets, can be explained only by the supposition that the railway authorities make this strange omission for the good-natured purpose of enabling their ticket-clerks to get a "bit" out of incautious travellers. The *habitués* of these lines of course know the proper fares, or can readily find out where the list is displayed; but the stranger who has always been accustomed to take for granted that he has, on the ticket he receives, a record of the amount he paid, can hardly help being swindled the first time he trusts to the honour of the Africander ticket-

clerk. The cost of the fares far exceeded that of any other country in which I have travelled, and no attempt was made to cater for the poorer class of passengers. Consequently, the well-to-do Kaffirs preferred, as a rule, to walk than to submit to extortionate charges. On the contrary, in India, where the people are extremely poor, there is an immensely large native third-class traffic; for the railway companies of that Empire, by putting the tariff at less than a farthing a mile, make railway travelling cheaper even for the poorest than walking. In South Africa, except when starting by an express train, the separate accommodation for ladies, and the sleeping arrangements for both sexes was very inadequate. Any omission made at the principal termini could seldom if ever be rectified at any of the intermediate stations; for the officials seemed to consider that their sole duty was to blindly carry out the

inflexible orders of their superiors, and that they were in no way bound to study the interests of the real employers, the travelling public. The restrictions put on the carrying of luggage were more severe than they are in Russia, and the charge for excess of luggage was much higher. If the railway authorities were taken to task on the foregoing points, they would no doubt plead that, as the number of their passengers are small, they have to charge them highly. To this I may reply that by doing so they adopt the most effective means of checking any increase in the number of their patrons. This suicidal policy has had the effect of preventing the Africanders from forfeiting their claim to be considered the most stay-at-home people in the world.

The coaching in South Africa is of a primitive kind, and would not commend itself to Frank Ward, or even to his groom. Yet for all that, it admirably

accomplishes its purpose. There are no roads, either to speak of or to see. After saying that the country is an open one and not fenced in, I have praised the "going" as far as I may truthfully venture. The coach is of the old American backwoods sort, is hung on leather springs, and is capable of holding twelve closely-packed inside passengers, with a few less hampered ones outside. Having to be very strong to resist the terrible jolts it receives on its cross-country travels, it is heavy, and as the cattle are either weedy ponies or small mules, their individual deficiency in pulling power has to be made up by an increase in their number. Consequently a team of ten or a dozen has to do the work of four or six ordinary horses. These animals are harnessed two by two, with one pair of reins for the leaders, and another for the wheelers. The intermediate pairs follow the leaders and do not require any special

guidance. The man who holds the reins is an unconsidered cypher. The driver, who is the ornamental man of the show, amuses himself with a light fifteen-foot pole, from the end of which hangs a long thong, finished off with a lash of gemsbok raw hide. This sportsman prides himself on the dexterity with which he can manipulate this funny-looking whip, and has more tricky ways of "catching" and "double thonging" than ever entered into the mind of even poor Jim Selby. With this flail he can reach either the near or off leader, and can, if he likes, cut "chunks" out of any of his team. He is, however, supposed to show his skill less by punishment, than by describing figures in the air with the thong, and by shrieking in a peculiarly terrifying manner at his horses. Besides the fifteen-footer, he carries a kind of magnified dog-whip for the special benefit of the wheelers. The third and last person of the coaching-

show is the guard, whose business is to take tips, tell the passengers yarns, and induce them to patronise the halting-place shanties, at which he is consequently on the free list for food and drink.

The ponies, or horses, if I may dignify them by that term, are admirable workers for their weight, and will trot along merrily and pull gamely up hill and down dale over bad ground, a stage of twelve miles, once and sometimes twice a day. Their sole food is Indian corn, oat hay, and any grass they can pick up on the *veldt*. The "mealies" are given in a dry state, whole or crushed, or after having been soaked over night in water. The oat hay, or "forage" as it is called, consists of oats which have been cut before the grains in the ears have lost all their milky character, and which have been dried in the sun like ordinary hay. If the ears were allowed to ripen more than I have stated, the grains would

become so much loosened that they would fall out of the ears on too slight provocation to bear transit, or ordinary handling. This "forage" is an excellent food. Although I have used a good deal of it with horses when I lived in Calcutta—to which city it is often brought from Australia, where it is known as oat hay, in steamers that are laden with horses—I am unable to decide whether or not it would be a good substitute for English hay. Anyhow, it is a valuable adjunct or change to a horse's food. It is sometimes used in England during years in which there is scarcity of ordinary hay.

In temper, the South African horses more nearly resemble the Barbs I met at Gibraltar and Malta than any other horses I have seen. Both these breeds are, as a rule, very quiet, spiritless, though good slaves, and are inclined to be obstinate. Their lack of "life" is no doubt due to the fact of their being kept during their youth

in a state of semi-starvation. The cause of their tendency to be sulky I attribute, in the case of South Africans, to their being broken-in at a comparatively late period of life. I have no acquaintance with the early bringing-up of the horses of Algeria and Morocco. No fact in horse-breaking is better established than that the longer the inculcation of discipline is delayed, the more stubborn will be the horse. It is just the same with a child.

The way in which horses are broken to saddle in South Africa is one which I have never seen practised in any other country. It is charmingly simple, and has its good points as well as its bad ones. It consists of tying the head of the neophyte close up to that of a steady horse by means of a cord connecting the respective headstalls worn by these animals. After they have both been saddled and bridled, the "school-master" is first mounted, and then another

man gets on the young one, who is powerless to buck, rear, or run away, on account of his head being fixed. Besides this, the fact of his being alongside another horse gives him confidence, and no matter how wild he may be, he will learn in a short time to carry his burden and regulate his pace according to that of his companion. As he settles down quietly to work, the connecting cord may be gradually loosened out, until at last it can be taken off altogether. This is a capital plan if one has a good break horse, and if one knows no better way. Its great fault is its tendency to make a horse unwilling to go alone. Of course, it has no pretensions to giving a horse a good mouth.

The extreme quietness of the majority of South African horses is, I think, due to the fact of their being starved on arid pastures for a considerable portion of each year, and to the non-stimulating quality and

quantity of the food given to them when in work.

As Africanders are "broad in the beam," and often have to remain several hours on horseback, they like saddles to be particularly wide towards the cantle, and to have a good "dip" in them. So long as the saddle is comfortable they don't trouble themselves about its weight. As they do not, as a rule, study the finer points of riding, they do not affect the narrow-waisted saddles which are greatly in vogue in Australia. Their saddles, with few exceptions, are very clumsy affairs; but they serve their purpose. South Africa being an extremely open country, little attention is paid to jumping. As the young men connect riding chiefly with shooting, they almost all ride with only the left hand on the reins, while the right hand is supposed to be occupied with a rifle. The use of a sharp curb or pelham

is a natural consequence of the adoption of their one-handed form of equitation. With the object of being able to carry the rifle comfortably, the most of the saddle horses are taught to amble or "tripple," as this pace is called by the Dutch. Their style of horsemanship and taste in bridles and saddles are entirely different from those of the Australasian colonists, who regard riding as the art of clearing a high post and rails and of sticking to a buck-jumper, and who, consequently, like to have both hands on the reins, and to use no other bit but a snaffle. I can only say that both parties are right, from their own very different standpoints.

Before I went to South Africa, Frank Fillis used to tell me that the Africanders were wonderful fellows for teaching a horse to stand quietly in any required spot, by taking the reins off his neck and putting them round any convenient post, or even

by letting them hang down on the ground. When I heard this I vowed that if I ever went to the Cape I would learn how to teach a horse this valuable habit. Having arrived there I sought instruction on this point from the best horsemen I could find. They all told me that there was no teaching required; for their animals are naturally so quiet that the difficulty is not to make them stand still, but to go on. When a man rides into a town on business in England, France, Germany, Australia, or other similar country, and wants to dismount, he either deposits his animal in a stable, or gets it held by one of the unemployed who are always ready for an easy and well-paid job; if in India, China, or Japan, he brings along with him his respective *syce*, *mafoo*, or *bettoe* to take charge of the horse or pony. In South Africa he troubles himself about none of these things; but simply gets off, draws

the reins over the animal's head, puts them on one of the upright posts which are planted in the ground for that purpose in front of every store, and leaves his mount to take care of itself, while he goes off to transact his work; being well assured that no matter how long he may stay away he will find it on the same spot on his return.

When a South African wants to turn his horse out on the *veldt* to graze, and wishes to prevent it from roaming too far away, and to be able to readily catch it, he usually "knee-halters" it. This is done by taking the leading rein (a piece of raw hide called a *reim* is employed for this purpose) of the headstall and attaching it, at the required length, to a fore-leg, either above or below the knee, by means of a clove hitch, and then fastening the loose end of the *reim* to the headstall.

CHAPTER VI

JOHANNESBURG

Arrival at the Gold Fields—Clubs in South Africa—Johannesburg: its Jews, Englishmen, and Boers—Types of John Bull—A Public Performance under Difficulties—A Lady riding Buck-jumpers—Performances at the Johannesburg Circus—Bad to Mount—The Farce of Horse-Taming Shows in England—How to make a Good Impression—J. R. Couper, the South African Champion—Wolff Bendoff—"The Mates'" Son—Mr. Grey Rattray—Eggs Sixpence Apiece—Dave Moss and the "Tape"—Johannesburg "Sharps"—The Ready Reckoner Story—Justice to "Niggers" in the Transvaal—Vichy, the Winner of the Johannesburg Handicap—English Horses in South Africa—Racing in South Africa—Polo.

WEARY, jolted to pieces, and with a pain in my back which had made me wish to die, I arrived one Sunday morning at Johannesburg on the coach that had carried the mails and three or

four passengers for twenty-four miserable hours, with only a rest of, say, ten minutes for changing horses about every two hours. After dropping down from the box-seat, the first thing I did was to recognise a passing sportsman who had been a member of my class at Malta; whereupon we simultaneously exclaimed: "Dear me, what a small world this is!" My friend, seeing my state of collapse, led me off to the Randt Club, which was hard by, refreshed me with the best, and got me made an honorary member. The men of the better sort in South Africa are eminently clubbable, and even in the small towns generally manage to form a pleasant retreat for themselves, where they can eat, drink, read the papers, and play billiards without being poisoned or fleeced. Their clubs are comfortable, well managed, and afford a stranger an easy means to become acquainted with the members who, like all

South Africans, are only too glad to be kind and hospitable to strangers who can give a "good account of themselves," and who do not put on "side." It is the custom in South African clubs to have a bar, similar to those in public-houses, at which drinks are dispensed to the members. Such an adjunct to a club in England or India would naturally render the place liable to be termed a "pothouse"; but in South Africa the case is very different. There, men who belong to clubs, instead of being more or less idle, like those in the two countries I have mentioned, have their time fully occupied, and appreciate the convenience of the bar system. Besides, in a country where good waiters are very difficult to find, it would not always be possible to procure sufficient and suitable attendance for serving liquor only in the various sitting-rooms. When South African society has assumed a more per-

manent and a more cultured form than it has up to the present attained, and when its ladies have increased in number, and have become less afraid than they are of each other, the club committee-men will see the advantage of catering for the amusement of the members' womenkind by, for instance, allowing them the entrance into certain club-rooms during certain hours of the afternoon or evening, having lawn-tennis courts at which they might play, and getting up periodical dances. Such a desirable consummation, outrageously improbable as it may now appear, will no doubt come to pass in time.

Leaving the Randt Club, and feeling about five stone better than when I entered it, I walked down the principal street in the direction of the Central Hotel, where I had sent on my luggage. The street was broad, macadamised, and had good masonry

houses on each side. Off this main thoroughfare there was only one or two metalled roads, with straggling streets of ill-assorted houses ; some being pretentious ; others, paltry. Many of them were of corrugated iron, which is the staple material of which South African houses are constructed up country. The style of architecture, and the method in which the bricks and mortar had been put together, denoted that the buildings had been erected in a hurry and under difficulties, to meet the requirements of immediate occupation. Remembering that five years previously Johannesburg had been a mere miners' canvas camp, and that at the time of my arrival it housed 60,000 people, my wonder was, not that it was lacking in many of the beauties and comforts of old-established cities, but that it was such a flourishing and go-a-head place as it was. The old proverb of money making the mare go, is

equally applicable to towns. As a site for a city, Johannesburg has no advantages. It is situated on a desert, the dust of which, when the wind blows, gets into the lungs of the unfortunate inhabitants and afflicts them with various forms of chest disease. There being no natural drainage, sanitation has to be carried on by the "pail system," with the consequence of a chronic stench. It is far away from everywhere else; but it has gold in vast quantities under its surface. I believe it is now the third most productive gold-field in the world. This precious metal is an immense advantage in stimulating the growth of a city; but alone, and it is alone in this case, it can never make of Johannesburg anything more than a mining camp — a splendidly flourishing one, no doubt; but still nothing more than a place at which to dig up gold, and to fight for its possession.

The term "the Randt," which is often applied to Johannesburg, is a contraction of *Wittwatters randt* (the edge of the white waters), which was the name given in former days to the high ground which fringes a few small lakes, and upon which the capital of the Gold Fields now stands. Although Johannesburg is in the territory of the South African Republic, it is essentially an English-speaking city. Writing from the impression left on my mind during a residence of about six weeks, the whole of which time I had unrivalled opportunities for getting to know the people, I would say, as a rough guess, that of the business men, four-tenths are Jews; three-tenths, English; two-tenths, Germans; and one-tenth, Americans and others nationalities. I have an immense respect for the Jews as a nation, and number among them several valued friends. Originally they were a pastoral and war-like nation, whose

virtues and valour have been recorded, not only in the Bible, but also by Josephus and others, who were in no way prejudiced in their favour. While suffering from bitter persecution and the enactment of shamefully unjust penal laws, many of them have risen to the highest eminence in art, science, literature, politics, and philanthropy. They are warm friends of our Government, and in many cases flatter us in the sincerest possible way, by trying to pass as Christians. Unfortunately, Johannesburg had not recruited her stock of Jews from the better classes of that ancient nation. With a few exceptions, the best of them would pass for members of "The Den of Lions" in Rathbone Place; and the majority, for the "boys" who follow racing. They seemed to take their tone from their chief leader, who from nothing had risen to be a millionaire many times over. His East End co-religionists

worshipped him for being the incarnation of successful cunning, and for preferring to remain one of themselves than to become respected and honoured. The example of a man whom the acquisition of immense wealth had failed to improve in manners, education, and taste, is in all communities a public misfortune.

Among the English residents there were several good sportsmen, like Mr. Payne Galway and Mr. Buckridge, who play polo, race, and are fond of horses. The same may be said of the Germans, who are quite English in this respect. It is an unfortunate circumstance that there is in our language no term to designate the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. That of 'Britishers' will not do; for it does not include the Irish. Without any disloyalty to my native country, I, as a travelled Irishman, see no impropriety in putting them all down as Englishmen, when out

of Ireland, where such a broad generalisation might hurt the hypersensitive feelings of those who regard life only from one standpoint. I make this explanation on account of having dubbed Mr. Galway a Sassenach. The mention of his name reminds me that when dining one night with him at the Randt Club, I had a striking proof, one among many, of the smallness of the world. As we sat down, he told me that he had just received a letter from his brother, who is a tea-planter in Ceylon, telling him that his greatest friend had broken his neck when riding one of his horses at the late Colombo Races. "You don't mean to tell me," I said, involuntarily jumping up, "that poor Waller is dead?" Hearing me repeat the name of his brother's dead friend, without his mentioning it, Mr. Galway was naturally surprised, and asked me how I could have guessed it. I explained that both Mr.

Waller and his brother were friends of mine; that I had stayed with them when in Ceylon; and that I had seen a good deal of Mr. Waller, who was a fine gentleman rider, and who always rode for Mr. Galway's brother.

Mr. Buckridge, who is a Devonshire man, is a type of John Bull for which I have a great respect; although nature has built me on altogether different lines. He is as English in his speech, manner, and style, as if he had never left his native land, whose ways and institutions are perfection in his eyes. He likes his horse appointments to be as smart as Wilton, Merry, or Souter could turn them out. His riding boots would be a credit to Peal; and his breeches, to Tautz. The rest of his attire is just what he would wear among his own good set at home. As South Africans do not particularly affect collars and ties, or the brushing of boots

and clothes, and, as a rule, are content to rely on the local hand-me-down man for their wearing apparel, they are inclined to resent any approach to "smartness," which word I use here in its army, and not in its society, meaning. Though I am now "slack" enough, goodness knows, I have very kindly memories of the days when I, too, liked to be as smart as the best of them.

In Johannesburg there was another gentleman who belonged to the same John Bull type as Mr. Buckridge, but was not, like him, a good business man. His ideas were solely centred on horses, hunting, and chasing. He was a fine horseman, and would ride any "chancy" brute sooner than sit down and look on while a cross-country event was being decided. He would live on dry bread and water, and sleep on any miserable "shake-down," as long as he could be near a horse or a

racecourse. He cared nothing for gambling, but everything for sport. Through all his bad luck and misery in his exile, he was buoyed up with the hope, which never left him, that one day he would ride the winner of the Liverpool Grand National: he could then die happy. I saw him at the Johannesburg Races riding in a chase, with his left arm bound tightly to his side on account of a recently fractured collar-bone. Though his horse had not a hundred-to-one chance, and was but an indifferent jumper, he rode him straight and well, all for sport: for proud of the name of G. R., he would not get even the fee of a losing mount, which would have come in very handy to him at that time. As he was cantering down to the post, I took off my hat to him with deep respect, though his back was turned to me, and he was far away from where I was standing.

Among many other nice people at the

Randt, we were fortunate to see a good deal of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Phillips. They had a charming house, were quite up to date, and were great favourites with everyone. Mrs. Phillips was very keen about horses, rode well, and as she has a thorough knowledge of South Africa, her books on recent events are of high value.

The Dutch were the nominal rulers of the place, but they did not make much show of authority at that time. The Boers used to come in to market with their *spans* of from twelve to twenty oxen. Having done their business quietly and inoffensively, they would *trek* away home. The Transvaal Government appeared disinclined to meddle with the turbulent foreign crowd in their midst. There were several honourable men among the Dutch officials; but a large number of them, high and low, got squared, a fact which the existence of the iniquitous system of concessions amply proves. No

wonder that the Transvaalers viewed with dismay the increase in size of Johannesburg; for they saw that in the near future they would have to allow the foreigners a vote in the management of their country; to fight; or to trek farther afield. Not having heard both sides of the story, as I did in 1892, I am not competent to form an opinion on the merits of the present dispute, especially as I was away in Russia for a good part of the last three years. While sincerely wishing success to our troops, I hope that a generous peace will be concluded, after we win. Their old quarrel with us always centred round their treatment of the black man. We claimed for him equal rights with the white man; but were careful not to give them to our own darkies in Natal and India. The Boers deny the justness of this claim, and sooner than admit it, they were ready to fight, and if beaten, to clear out of the country. We were rough on them in harrying them out of

Cape Colony and Natal, and in refusing them representation; and they were rough on the blacks.

Before I went to South Africa, I regarded the Boers as hypocrites, because they professed to venerate the teaching of the Bible, and yet they practised slavery and were not particular about killing any of the natives who gave them trouble. When I got to know the Boers, I changed my opinion of them. I found that they looked upon themselves as placed in a position similar to that occupied by the children of Israel in the Land of Promise. An old Dutch pastor, who spoke to me through the medium of German, tried to convince me that slavery had Divine sanction. On seeing my incredulous shake of the head, he turned up the 21st chapter of Exodus, and to my astonishment I saw that there was a great difference between a "man" and a "servant." I read that "he that smiteth a man, so that he die,

shall be surely put to death." I also read that "if a man smite his servant, or his maid, with a rod, and he die under his hand; he shall be surely punished. Notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished; for he is his money." I found that the euphonism "servant" had been dropped by the translator of Leviticus xxv. 44–46: "Both thy bondmen, and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen for ever: but over your brethren the children of Israel, ye shall

not rule one over another with rigour." I tried to point out to the ancient (I must not use the word "old" in this connection) gentleman that all that was changed by the New Dispensation. "Has it also changed your respect for the Sabbath?" he asked. That was a thrust I was unable to parry; for unfortunately I had been brought up as a Presbyterian. He also turned up the New Testament and showed me that St. Paul told the Ephesians that servants should be obedient to their masters with "fear and trembling," which they naturally would not do unless they had been treated with a liberal allowance of "bamboo bukhsheesh," as we say in India. I therefore changed the subject of the conversation to the ruthless manner in which the Boers had treated the Zulus. "That's nothing," replied the clergyman, "to the way the Jews under Divine command acted towards the Midianities." I then learned that not

content with having all the men slain, Moses gave orders to "kill every male among the little ones," and all the matrons; but he humanely told them to "keep alive for themselves" all the girls. I regret that my theological training was so deficient that I was unable to attempt to convince him that although it was right to kill married women and baby boys, and to keep the girls for oneself in the year 1453 B.C. it would be infamous to do so thirty-three centuries later on. The only way I see out of this slavery and native slaughtering difficulty, would be, after this war, to send out an army of Catholic priests or Orthodox Russian metropolitans to convince the Boers that they should not interpret the Bible for themselves, but should be guided solely by the Church.

I occupied the first week of my stay in Johannesburg with getting to know, on the polo ground, in the Stock Exchange, and at

the club, all the good sportsmen in the place. I found that they had heard from the newspapers about our work at Kimberley and elsewhere, and that they were anxious to see us perform; but there did not appear much chance of getting together a big class, because all those who were interested in horses had their time fully occupied with a fresh boom that had just then sprung up among New Primroses, Jumpers, Robinsons, and other mines. All my friends advised me to relinquish the idea of a class, and to give either at the Circus or in the Wanderers' Ground a public performance, to which, they said, everyone would come. This was a very embarrassing dilemma in which I found myself. A class was obviously out of the question, and a public performance presented both dangers and difficulties. As horses are not bred around Johannesburg, I did not know where to procure subjects, and even if I got likely ones, I could not tell if

they would "play up" on the opening night. Giving a show of this kind on the Gold Fields was a very different thing to one in London; for instead of a lot of law-abiding Cockneys who knew nothing about horses, I would have to face an expert audience, largely composed of a rough element that would stand no trifling. Had I had a circus, a theatrical troupe, a collection of performing dogs, or any show, the performers in which I could have been certain would do their "turns" properly, my mind would have been at rest; but I had to rely on actors who would give me no guarantee that they would play their parts in the required manner. I confided my trouble to Mr. Bonamicci, who had formerly been Frank Fillis's manager. I found him intelligent, sympathetic, capable, resourceful, and trustworthy in every way. We scoured the city and came across a stage-coach horse which no one up to then had been able to ride, on

account of his being a very bad buck-jumper. The owner, Mr. Donaldson, very kindly promised to lend me this animal and another that was equally bad, so I was told. Mr. Butters, who was one of the chief men in the Robinson mine, and is an American gentleman of the best type, offered to produce a vicious mule which was warranted to eat up anyone that went near him. After wiring off to my wife at Kimberley to come in hot haste to Johannesburg, I engaged the Athletic Grounds of the Wanderers' Club, which were to be lighted with electricity; and, having fixed the evening, I left Bonamicci to fill up the newspapers with advertisements of the most thrilling kind; to get editorial puffs under "local intelligence"; to placard the town; and to distribute hand-bills broadcast. My wife arrived; the evening came to pass; I had the animals all ready near the ring; the electric light was on, and three turnstiles

were opened for admission; but they proved so inadequate to clear the way in front of the ever-increasing crowd which sought admittance, that half an hour before the performance was advertised to take place, the gates yielded to the pressure from behind, and thousands entered on the free list. This was an unforeseen accident for which excess of patronage alone was to blame. As the crowd invaded the ring, October and I hurried through our work as fast as we could. When the throng of miners, Boers, roughs, and gentlemen, all mixed up together in a tangled mass, saw a pretty, slight, young woman of middle height and faultlessly attired in riding costume, step into the ring and walk up to the horse that no one had been able to ride, they began cheering and yelling as if they were all mad. Some shouted out words of encouragement; others, entreaties to leave the horse alone; while the Boers loudly

encouraged the animal to do his best against the accursed "Rednecks," as they are pleased to call the English. In the midst of this row my wife was hoisted into the saddle, which she had hardly touched, before the horse began to buck and plunge as if he were possessed with an evil spirit. When he was tired of this amusement I gave him a lesson in jumping, and then my wife rode him quietly about the place and made him jump hurdles for the first time in his life. Her fine horsemanship, the like of which had never before been seen in South Africa, created a great sensation. We then did a lot of interesting work with some other horses and a mule, and finished a very trying evening in a satisfactory manner. Despite the giving way of the gates, we did not do very badly; for we took £173, out of which we had about £140 profit. Had the gates stood firm the sum might have run into four figures.

As the majority of the people who had attended the show had been unable, owing to the crowd and row, to see the performance, I engaged the circus which Fillis had built, and gave in it a couple of breaking exhibitions, which were largely attended, as we were given some very violent horses to handle.

I may explain that after one of these horses had been tried by October, or any volunteer, I used to ask the audience if the animal was bad enough to take in hand. If the answer was in the affirmative, I did the breaking and my wife the riding. But if, on account of the horse failing to buck, or to resist all efforts to mount him, the cry was: "Quiet horse; let us have another," I sent him out of the ring and subjected the next one to a similar test. The refusal of the audience to believe in the vicious propensities of these animals was a bitter disappointment to several of

their respective owners, who, both for the reward of £2 which I had advertised for the production of each buck-jumper and for the "swagger" of bringing a horse which no one could ride, had fetched their animals from long distances to our show. I need hardly say that I allowed no injustice to be done, as far as the 40s. were concerned. This policy of offering rewards for vicious horses, and of allowing our audience to choose the animals they deemed most suitable to test our powers, gained us hosts of friends; but soon exhausted the supply of wild animals. It was, however, the only way to render a horse-breaking performance a success as a public show. Deprived of this excitement, it would be as thin and flat to the multitude as would be a popular lecture on chemistry without plenty of interesting experiments. To show that we were appreciated, I may mention that after we had stopped exhibit-

ing in public, from want of raw material to work on, we made £100 with a horse-breaking class for gentlemen and a riding class for ladies. Remembering these things, and the kind of men and horses we met in the Transvaal, it makes me laugh to see so-called horse-tamers performing in England, night after night, for weeks together, on the same old cab horse.

Having had numbers of terribly bad shows foisted on them, the South African public are, as I have already said, coy of strangers; but are generous with their patronage, when they know that it will not be abused. They are few in number and are scattered over an immense extent of country. Consequently, it does not pay to tour through South Africa with a large company. Frank Fillis found out this to his cost.

The Boers, and all representative South Africans, are very unconventional. I am

sure that none of them would have joined the Cachar "Collar Club," which was patronised chiefly by proprietors and managers of that tea district, who passed a rule that no member could visit the club without wearing a piece of linen, paper, or celluloid round his neck, as a badge of propriety. On the journey by train which my wife took by herself from Kimberley to join me at Johannesburg, she had to change carriages in the middle of the night. Being unable to find a porter to shift a heavy portmanteau which she had in the train, she hailed an ill-clad and rough-looking man who was passing, and told him to carry the portmanteau to the other train. He promptly hoisted the portmanteau on his shoulders, put it into the luggage-van as he had been directed, and then asked my wife if he could do anything more for her. She thanked him, and handed him a shilling. To her surprise he politely refused it, and

said, with a smile, that he was only too glad to be of use to her. While we were in Johannesburg, a millionaire Boer whom I knew, passed us in the street, and my wife, to my amazement, called out to him: "Stop! stop! I want my husband to thank you for so kindly carrying that portmanteau for me." An introduction, a brief explanation, a hearty laugh, cordial handshakes, and we parted from the "man" with an immense amount of respect for him.

I had, while at Johannesburg, a very helpful friend in Mr. George Fotheringhame, who is a Scotchman, and was then a livery stable keeper and horse-breaker on the Randt. I have heard that he has since gone to Mashonaland. He, like the large majority of the Colonists and Boers who attended my classes, took a deep interest in the work, and could never see enough of it. He is a manly, honest fellow, and is one of the many fine horse-breakers I have left

behind in South Africa. He was the great friend and second of Couper, the late South African champion, who was a quiet, well-bred Scotch gentleman, about five feet eight inches high, and about ten stone seven pounds when "fit." He went out to the Cape as a lad, with the love of adventure and travel strong in him. Finding that education availed nothing there, and knowing no trade, he conceived the happy idea of teaching boxing, which he had learned in Edinburgh from old Charlie Ball. He was a natural fighter, "good general," and had indomitable pluck and the capacity for taking "punishment." His first battle of any consequence was for the South African championship against "The Ladies' Pet," a West Indian negro, who, though about twice the size of his Scotch antagonist, was out of condition and past his prime. Couper won this fight without a mark. After that he had a good time for some

years, during which he was patronised by Mr. Barney Barnato, who was an ardent lover of the P.R., and was a clever exponent of the noble art in his younger days. For some reason or the other, a coolness sprang up between the two, and, to pay the Scotchman out, the Jew imported his co-religionist, Wolff Bendoff, who was a good second-class man in England. The Johannesburg Hebrews thought that their representative had a nice, easy job against an antagonist whom they regarded merely as a good amateur. Couper being a firm believer in hard work as the best means of getting into condition, kept going his twenty-five to thirty miles day after day, and stepped into the ring full of muscle, clear in wind, and brimful of pluck and vitality. The Jew despising his enemy, took things easy. In the first few rounds Bendoff hit his man pretty freely; but his blows, which were somewhat lacking in "steam," made little impression

on his opponent. As soon as he began to get a little slow from fatigue, Couper, who was a terribly hard hitter, knocked his man about so vigorously that Bendoff soon gave up the fight. I believe that on the day of this battle Couper was a better man than we have had in England for the last ten or fifteen years; I mean in the "old style," and not at glove-fighting, for which he was too light. My opinion of Couper's excellence is no doubt worthless, and would not be recorded here, did it not coincide with the estimate formed by that admirable judge, Bat Mullins, after he had sparred with Couper, who used to practise with Bat when he was home from South Africa. Couper might have retired with £10,000 or £12,000, but he lost the most of his money speculating in mining shares; his chest became permanently weakened by the irritating dust of Johannesburg, and he had a run of particularly bad luck in other respects. Out of

the ring, as well as in it, he took his punishment like the brave, honest fellow that he was. Although he was a professional prize-fighter, he was always warmly welcomed as a guest at the Randt Club, and at all others places where gentlemen congregated at Johannesburg. Not long ago he published a novel, which shows a great deal of literary ability, and is specially interesting to those who are acquainted with the persons and scenes in South Africa described by Couper.

While at Johannesburg I met on different occasions a nice young fellow, a Mr. Astley, who was a son of Sir John, and who was in the Barnato office. I was sorry to see him there; for I thought he was as much out of place as his father had been among the Hurst Park financiers, who, after utilising his name to the utmost, "shunted" their benefactor. A man of whom I saw a great deal, and liked, was

Mr. Grey Rattray, who, though a kind-hearted and honest fellow, had the strange fancy of wishing people to consider him unscrupulously sharp. He was a bold speculator, and was singularly clear-headed, even for a Scotchman. Speaking to him one day about the high cost of living at Johannesburg, I foolishly remarked that it was monstrous that eggs should cost there sixpence apiece. "If," replied he, "I learned that there was a country in which eggs sold for a guinea each, I'd pack up my portmanteau and go there straight away." From this accurate view of life taken by him, I learned to estimate at their true value the advantages offered to capable men by South Africa, in the up-country parts of which the coin of least value is a threepenny-bit; and the lowest price paid, and paid willingly, by the poorest working man for a shave, is sixpence.

There was a large number of bookmakers,

chiefly Jews, at Johannesburg. They were a pleasant lot of fellows, out of whom a good deal of fun, if not money, could be extracted. One of these gentlemen, probably as a delicate compliment to Lady Loch, who is a sister of the late Lord Lytton, called himself by that name, under the idea that it was the English equivalent of his own, Lichtenstadt (Light Town). Dave Moss, another of the Randt fraternity, was a man for whom I had much sympathy. Instead of spending his spare time in the Beaufort or Albert (he never aspired quite so high as the Victoria), he was eating his heart out on the Gold Fields, and all on account of not having been able to keep his own counsel. Those of my readers who are old enough to remember the introduction of the "tape," can no doubt call to mind many occasions on which, instead of an intelligible row of words being presented on the long and

narrow strip of paper, the letters and figures came up in a seemingly hopeless state of confusion. While punters at gambling clubs were eagerly waiting for the result of a race, such a joke on the part of the machine, was taken by them in anything but good part, and the interruption, instead of being hailed as a respite from the labour of betting, always acted as a stimulant, until the tape had corrected itself and had repeated its lesson correctly. One day when in London, Dave Moss happened to look at the jumbled mess which the tape disclosed at the moment. He continued gazing on it, until at last, by a marvellous inspiration, he saw how to make sense out of the confusion. Like unto one of his own prophets in ancient days, the spirit of inspiration waxed so strong in him that he explained the riddle unto the people. And then he went to his tent or apartments and cursed himself

for having been a fool for teaching his brethren to read riddles set them by machines, instead of backing the winner each time to a certainty, without anyone else being the wiser.

The inhabitants of Johannesburg were proud of the sharpness of their "boys," and told the visitor wonderful tales of these practitioners cheating the Boers (the Dutch farmer was the recognised victim) at the three-card trick, faro, and other games of skill. I really must warn those of my readers who intend to go to South Africa, to be prepared for the ready reckoner story, which the new-comer is doomed to hear from ten to a hundred times a day, according to the company he frequents. It runs thus: A Jew (they say it was Ikey Sonnenberg, but in this case I think the *vox populi* is a lying spirit, for my Vryburg friend is incapable of a shabby trick) having concluded the purchase of a number of

articles—bullocks, sheep, bags of corn, or it does not matter what—from a Boer, made up the account greatly in his own favour, paid the farmer and dismissed him. The Boer on his way home, thinking he had been defrauded, worked out the sum according to his Dutch almanac, in which a ready reckoner is always included. Finding that the total was a good deal more than the amount he had received, the yokel retraced his steps and demanded the difference. The Jew on hearing this claim asked for its explanation. When he was shown the ready reckoner, he took up the almanac, and, after inspecting its title-page, handed it back to its owner with the contemptuous remark that as it had been written for the previous year, it did not hold good for the present one, and that consequently its ready reckoner did not apply to the case in point. The Boer thereupon acknowledged the justice of the

plea, and departed. If only a tenth of these stories are true, it is no wonder that the Boers hate the English, among whom they include all English-speaking Jews.

People in England pride themselves on the love which they feel for their black brethren, and are willing to let the blood of their officers and soldiers be shed in maintaining equality between the respective descendants of Shem and Ham. I admire the sentiment, although my experience has been that Englishmen abroad do not treat black men much better than do other nations; the Boers, for instance. As a case in point, I may mention that one afternoon while we were staying at Johannesburg, my wife, who was in the hotel, was informed by one of the Kaffir servants that some people were beating October in the back yard of the building. Hearing this, she rushed to the spot, and found our Basuto boy struggling with a

constable and three or four other white men who were vainly trying to drag him off to the police station. She being a law-abiding Englishwoman, though knowing nothing about the cause of the row, called out to October to go quietly with the constable, which he instantly did. She then drove off in hot haste to fetch me from the circus, where I was breaking-in a horse, and we went off to the police station together. Our first action was to deposit the necessary amount of bail, and we received our Kaffir with a broad grin and several cuts and bruises on his good-tempered face. The constable, whom we met on the road, told us that an Englishman and a Jew had given October in charge for having assaulted them and for having been drunk. He said that in his opinion, the Basuto had not the slightest appearance of being intoxicated, and that he had seen nothing of the

alleged assault. In fact, he was so sympathetic that I remarked it was a hot day, and gave him a couple of shillings for the quenching of his thirst. Although I intended to "remember" him after the case had been settled, I did not think it safe to give him more than a florin, lest he might "round" on me and say that I had tried to "square" him. My wife and I then investigated the matter, and found that the Englishman and the Jew while riding past the back yard of the hotel, had gone close to the spot where October and one of the hotel servants were beating a carpet. In the usual hectoring style, the "damned niggers" were ordered to clear out, and, to assist them in that movement, the Englishman struck October with the hunting whip which he was carrying in his hand. The fact of October, in order to parry the blow, putting up the light cane with

which he had been beating the carpet, enraged the Englishman so much, that he got off his horse, and clubbing his heavy hunting whip, dealt the Kaffir several savage blows about the head and face with the butt end. October, who was a real fighter, rushed at his man (a big, powerful one), knocked him down, and would have killed him if some white men who were near had not pulled him off; while the Jew kept at a safe distance from the scrimmage, and contented himself with using bad language. Having fetched a policeman, and laid a false charge of assault and drunkenness against October, the two gentlemen went away. Later on, I met them at the hotel. The Englishman acknowledged that he had struck October in the first instance, and expressed his regret that he did not know that the "boy" was my servant; for had he been aware of this, he would not

have chastised him for want of alacrity in obeying the order to clear out of the road. He said, however, that he intended to get October severely punished for having dared to strike him. I pointed out that as he was the aggressor, he could not blame the Kaffir for retaliating. To this he replied that it is an unpardonable offence for a "nigger" to return the blow of a white man. I urged that Couper had fought "The Ladies' Pet," and that Couper was as good a gentleman as he was. He answered that "The Ladies' Pet" was a West Indian "nigger," and not a Kaffir, who could be admitted to no terms of equality with white men in South Africa. The fat little Jew, being an arrant coward, was loud in the threats of vengeance which he uttered against any "nigger" who dared to turn on him whenever he choose to beat the black man, no matter whose servant he was.

Such, my readers, is the style of cad who, assuming the garb of an Englishman, does much to bring that honoured name into contempt among so-called savages. I, of course, engaged the best lawyer I could find to defend our servant, with whom we went to the police court. The landrost (magistrate) heard the evidence of the plaintiffs and the policeman, who, to our astonishment, swore in the most unblushing manner that October, at the time of the fray, was outrageously drunk, and had assaulted everyone within reach. My wife, appearing for the defence, swore that October was absolutely sober at the time in question, and I corroborated her statement as regards his condition half an hour after that; and informed the magistrate that I was ready to bring scores of witnesses who would give evidence as to October being a remarkably civil and obliging "boy." An Africander who had

seen the scrimmage, and who looked something like a half-caste cab-driver, now got into the box. On being asked if he knew the complaining Englishman, he replied that he did, and very good reason he had to do so; for the gentleman was always damning, cursing, and threatening to strike every servant whom he met. And then, after very drolly imitating the swagger and offensive manner of the principal plaintiff, he narrated how the whole affair had occurred. The landrost, who no doubt knew far more of the *histoire intime* of the parties than redounded to their credit, "told them off" in a mercilessly contemptuous manner. He said that he preferred to believe black men rather than white men such as they; and that he was determined to stop fellows who considered themselves "swells," from ill-using the natives. As to the policeman, the magistrate merely asked him, "What have

you been paid for all this?" at which there was such a loud roar of laughter from the people in the court that the answer of the guilty-looking constable was lost. The landrost told him to leave the box. When ordering October to be released, he gave him to understand that he could have his legal remedy. I thought, however, it would be better for me to recompense October in a way he would deem amply sufficient, than to stir up any race hatred, which is a very dangerous form of explosive in the Transvaal, than to institute a counter action on behalf of our servant; so we let the matter drop. Although this trial formed the subject of conversation all over the place, two out of the three Johannesburg daily papers took no notice whatsoever of it, and the third one merely gave the finding, without making any allusion to the evidence or the remarks of the landrost.

This example of South African journalistic policy is worthy of note.

At the time of my arrival in Johannesburg the local sportsmen were busily engaged in preparing for the races, the principal event of which was the Johannesburg Handicap. Knowing that I was a veterinary surgeon, and had experience in the training of racehorses, Mr. Ben Curtis and his cousin, Mr. Lay, asked my advice about a horse of theirs, called Vichy, who was entered for this race. This son of Hermit had run about fifteen times in England, and had succeeded in winning only a couple of small selling races. He was then sent out to South Africa. When I saw him he was lame in one fore-leg from a sprained suspensory ligament and swollen fetlock joint. The question submitted to me was: Could I get the horse sound enough to run for the big handicap? Messrs. Ben Curtis and Lay told me that

they stood to win a large amount on Vichy, and that they would have to scratch him if I could not help them in getting him well enough to run. As it was one of those cases in which I had frequently proved the immense efficacy of well-regulated pressure (preferably by means of cotton-wool bandaging) and massage, I gave these gentlemen strong hopes that Vichy would come out on the day of the race free from lameness, and that, if he was good enough, his bad leg would not stop him from winning. I put him through the course of bandaging and massage, which reduced the swelling, and had the great satisfaction of seeing him trot down sound to the starting-post, and win his race in easy style.

The all-pervading presence of "little men" and millionaires with the instincts of East-Enders, made racing in South Africa an affair in which there was a

considerable amount of dog eating dog. This undesirable state of things will naturally mend as the country becomes more settled and opened up by railways. The Johannesburg Racing Company was well managed, and has a flat and steeplechase course, with stand, paddock, etc., enclosed as at Sandown Park. Although, when I was at the Gold Fields, there was not a single qualified veterinary surgeon at Johannesburg, I did not see the prospect of being able to earn enough to pay my expenses, if I had set up in that capacity at the Randt. The ordinary horses were not worth enough to pay for skilled veterinary attendance, and the treatment of racehorses would come in only in the way of an odd job.

It is a noteworthy fact that English horses which are imported into South Africa take a comparatively long time, probably two years on an average, before

they get sufficiently accustomed to life in that country, to thrive and show their proper form there. I have often been asked why it is that these animals take so long to become acclimatised, and have always replied that, in my opinion, climate had nothing to say to this fact, which I felt certain was entirely due to the poor quality of South African hay, even when it is supplemented with oat hay. Although the climate of India is far hotter than that of South Africa, we find that newly imported English horses do much better, as far as their health and condition are concerned, in the former than in the latter country. The grass and hay which are given to valuable horses in India are, however, exceptionally good; better even, I am inclined to think, than what can be got in England. I would advise anyone who intended to send a racehorse to South Africa, in order to run there, to make

arrangements for exporting good English hay for the animal's use. The small extra expense might be justly regarded as a cheap insurance against loss of condition.

Racing in South Africa has a fine future, though a somewhat ignoble past. The "great game," in order to flourish, requires to be managed by men who are independent of it either for their livelihood or for their recreation, and whose probity and love of fair-play are above suspicion. It also needs a public that is wealthy, numerous, and fond of sport. With the opening up of the country, increased population, and improved railway communication, all these things, no doubt, will come to pass in South Africa.

The well-attended race-meetings which were held thirty years ago on the common just outside Cape Town on Sea Point Road, and which were chiefly managed by the officers who garrisoned the colony, now

exist only in history. The Dutch and Africander inhabitants would willingly look on at the races, but with few exceptions they did not see the force of paying for entrance into any of the enclosures, when they did not know the difference between the starting-post and the judge's box. By the withdrawal of the troops the number of owners and supporters of racing have become greatly diminished. The ground was accordingly changed to private land about six miles outside of Cape Town, and not far from the camp at Wynberg; but the public is not, as yet, educated up to paying point. The racing, what there was of it, was very poor; not much better than Indian *gymkhanah* form. Mr. Graham Cloete, secretary of the City Club and races, and cousin of Mr. "Paradox" Cloete, did his best; but even with contributions levied from "under and over," faro, three-card trick, and other "table" men, racing

at Cape Town was in a dying condition, and has but little hope of improvement. The busy commercial town of Port Elizabeth had a flourishing turf club, nice racecourse, and one of the "straightest" of men and pleasantest of companions, for a book-maker, in Nobby Clarke. At Kimberley, racing might have been regarded as a thing of the past. So much for racing in Cape Colony.

Johannesburg was the only racing centre in the Transvaal. The sport on the Randt, as I have previously said, was well conducted, and good stakes, amounting in some cases to £1500, were given. There were, however, so few horses and owners that two meetings, the programmes of which have to be strengthened by pony events, chases, and hurdle-races, were quite enough for the requirements of the place. In the Orange Free State the sportsmen of Bloemfontein and Harrismith made spasmodic though

well-intended efforts at getting up meetings. Racing in Natal, in which colony there were fixtures at Durban and Maritzburg, was at a low ebb. As Johannesburg is now connected by rail with most of the principal towns, racing in South Africa is bound to improve. Yet I think it will be a long time before it will be worth a stranger's trouble to take horses out there to race. There were a few English jockeys of moderately fair pretensions, and some Africander light-weights. The fixtures were so few and as a rule so unimportant, and the distances between them are so enormous, that South Africa was a very poor place for a jockey. The horses were of inferior selling-race form. There was no steeple-chasing or hurdle-racing worth speaking of; and the racing ponies were moderate in the extreme. As I said before, all these things will be changed for the better when the war is over, and amicable relations have become estab-

lished between the contending parties. The one great reformation which South African racing needs, is the formation of a central turf club (preferably at Johannesburg) which would legislate for the entire country.

To the best of my belief, Johannesburg was the only place in South Africa at which there was a non-military polo club. The "soldiers" had a club at Maritzburg, and were the chief supporters of the game at Wynberg (Cape Town). Polo can be played in South Africa only under great difficulties; for the white population is not only small in number and widely distributed, but there are remarkably few ponies in that country suitable to the game. To me, the strangest thing about the horse-flesh of that part of the world is that, although the ordinary horse is a hardy, leggy animal of from 14.2 to 15.1 hands, and has often a manifest dash of the Arab, there are extremely

few smart ponies from 13.2 to 14 hands to be met with. Plenty of hard-working Basuto ponies can be found, but almost all of them are too slow. The difficulty could be easily got over by raising the height to 14.2, as they have done in England.

CHAPTER VII

PRETORIA AND NATAL

Performances at Pretoria—An Accident—Enthusiasm of the Boers—General Joubert—Breaking in a Zebra—Concerts—English and Boers—A Journey by Coach—Prize Fighting in South Africa—Nickless and Kelly—Majuba Hill—Mr. Gladstone—Duke of Argyll—Mr. Gerald Balfour—Harrismith—Hendrik Truter—Mr. Oliver Davis — Maritzburg — Durban — Good-bye to October—Home.

HAVING bade good-bye to our kind friends at Johannesburg, we went to Pretoria, which is about twenty-four miles distant, and is the capital of the Transvaal. Having had the way prepared for us by the newspapers, we were well received by the Dutch and English residents, and had the good luck to get the able and courteous Mr. Jack Hess to act for us as manager. As a

large number of Boers had come in from the country to the Agricultural Show, which was being held at the time, I determined to give a couple of public performances, as well as to hold a class. The first one came off in the Berea Park, which is an enclosed ground, and had I not been particularly thick in the skull, my tour would have abruptly ended on that day. A vicious horse which I was handling in the ring, struck me with one of his fore-feet so hard on the top of the head that I reeled back from the force of the blow. My wife seeing this, rushed into the ring and begged me to stop the performance. Though very dizzy, I had just enough sense left to feel bitterly annoyed that the animal should have got the better of me for the time being; so I told her I was all right, and then hearing the shouts of the Boers who were cheering the horse which was defeating the "Redneck," I took off my hat and told

them that I was an Irishman, and that my wife would ride the horse in an hour. I must have looked a funny object, speechifying with my hat in my hand and the blood streaming down my face on to my clothes. When the show was over, one of my Dutch friends proudly remarked that none of the Dutch ladies who saw the accident fainted, turned pale, went away, or showed the slightest concern, as Englishwomen would have done had they been present. But to return to the description of the breaking, I need only say that I felt so weak from the effects of the concussion and from loss of blood, that I could get no further on with it, than to make the horse quiet to be saddled and mounted. Although I knew he would buck if he was made to go on, I dared not delay. A glance at my wife informed me that she was ready to pull the show out of the metaphorical fire which was waiting to consume

it. On seeing my signal, she walked into the ring, and in the next moment was in the side saddle. As soon as she shortened the reins and touched the horse to make him go on, he "went to market" (as Australians say) in a style I have seldom seen equalled, and at every buck he gave, he uttered a loud grunt of fury. Not being able to move her in the saddle, he at last "gave in." As such a fine riding feat by any man, let alone a lady, had never before been seen by the assembled Boers, their habitual stolidity gave way to enthusiasm, and they warmly cheered and praised the Englishwoman. So pleased were they that the men of the Boer artillery, which was the only corps that wore uniform, always saluted my wife in military style whenever they saw her, as long as we remained in Pretoria.

The Boers liked our first show so much, that we had more than double the number

of them at our second one. As the payment of an entrance fee is a product of civilisation but little understood among these primitive people, the policeman whom I had engaged and I had a desperate struggle to keep at bay the army of would-be "deadheads" who stormed our gate. When the battle was at its height, General Joubert, the victor of Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill, came to my help, and by voice and hand so vigorously aided the defence, that the tumult subsided, and we opened to a paying "house." The only part of this performance worth noticing, was the breaking to saddle of a young Burchell's zebra, which I accomplished in a short time without any difficulty. This animal belonged to a Dutch gentleman, a resident of Pretoria, whose name, if I remember rightly, was Mr. Ziervogel. A few hours before the show began, he very kindly promised to let me experiment on it. As I

knew I could easily break it in, and as I was anxious to take it with me to England, I wanted to buy it then and there; but he put me off by saying that we could settle that afterwards. When the show was concluded and the zebra was quiet to ride, Mr. Ziervogel's "afterwards" became like unto St. Patrick's "to-morrow," which never came to the last snake in Ireland, after my patron saint had inveigled him into his strong box.

Several gentlemen attended my class in Pretoria. The most of them had a good deal of experience with horses, and were keen to learn everything about breaking. In the Transvaal, to say nothing of Cape Colony, Orange Free State, or Natal, I certainly left behind me several expert pupils who were capable of breaking-in any Burchell's zebra. Accordingly, I was not at all surprised at reading in the *Field*, about a year after I had quitted South

Africa, that a successful attempt had been made to utilise these animals for coach work. I need hardly say that breaking-in horses or zebras for harness is much easier than for saddle. The Burchell's zebra is a far more docile animal than the mountain zebra (*Equus zebra*), of which I broke in a specimen in Calcutta for my wife and myself to ride. There are still large numbers of Burchell's zebras to be found north of the Transvaal; but the mountain zebra is nearly, if not quite, extinct. For further information about these striped asses and the extinct quagga, I may refer my readers to *The Points of the Horse*.

The nickname "Rooinek" (Redneck) which the Boers apply to the English, refers to the red or rather reddish brown appearance which the action of the African sun gives to the comparatively fair skin of our countrymen. The "touch of the tar-brush," which has been at work for a few

hundred years in South Africa, preserves the epidermis of the Boers from this temporary discoloration. The language spoken by these people is a Dutch *patois*, so much mixed up with Kaffir, Hottentot, English, and other forms of speech, that it is all but unintelligible to a newly-arrived Hollander. Its grammar is more simple even than that of Persian or Hindustanee; and as it is expressive and easily learnt, it forms a useful *lingua franca*.

At that time the English residents had things pretty well their own way, even at Pretoria. The display of their patriotic aspirations must now and then have been somewhat trying to the Boers, the most of whom, as far as I could judge, wanted to get on amicably with the English. Many of them told me that the "Dopper" element would soon die out; that in the near future they would all speak English; and that racial jealousy would then be at an end.

Of course, the large majority of the Boers I met were of the young advanced school; for Doppers like Mr. Kruger, and political adventurers like Dr. Leyds, were the last people in the world to have joined my classes. Out of the hundreds of English residents with whom I incidentally discussed the subject of politics, I did not meet a single one who laid any stress on, the matter of franchise, which indifference was easily to be explained by the fact that they were almost all birds of passage; for South Africa is too barren and arid a country for English people to colonise. I certainly heard many complaints about the corruption of the Transvaal Government and the iniquity of Mr. Kruger's concessions. Looking on the English as Egyptians, and on himself as a follower of Moses, Mr. Kruger pretended to see nothing wrong in spoiling the English.

The Pretoria Literary and Debating

Society, of which Mr. Justice Morice was President, asked my wife to recite and sing at one of their concerts, and gave her an enthusiastic reception. At the conclusion of the concert, the "President's March" was played, and the Boers and a few of the English, among whom, of course, were my wife and I, stood up; but the large majority of our countrymen who were present, kept their seats. The moment the band, on finishing this national march, struck up "God save the Queen," the effusive exiles sprang to their feet, and sang the words as loud as they could shout. It is unfortunate that English 'Arries sometimes give foreigners a wrong impression of English gentlemen.

Three days afterwards we were invited to another entertainment which was given by the Boers, and which was described as follows by the *Pretoria Observer*: "A most fitting conclusion to the show was

the concert given in the gardens of Mr. Nellmapius. There was a tremendous concourse of the public. The gardens were illuminated by the electric light, and splendidly they looked. Of the concert itself, the chief items of attraction were the vocal items contributed by Mrs. Hayes and Mr. Beart. The latter we believe appeared in the place of Mr. Bennett, and met with much applause. Mrs. Hayes was most enthusiastically received, and her two songs formed the feature of the evening, in our opinion, though many of those present would probably award the palm to Commandant Pretorius, who, *à la* Captain Hayes, introduced a breaking-in feat, the animal not being a horse or even a zebra, but a real live leopard of ten months old. The Commandant fondled the animal as most people fondle a pet dog, and his children caressed it as though it were a favourite kitten." We had a pleasant time

with these kind and hospitable friends, and now feel very sad to think that they are our enemies.

As Mr. Meiring, who was an officer of the Free State Customs, had kindly guaranteed me a large class at Harrismith, we returned to Johannesburg, where I took seats for ourselves and October in the coach that ran between the Randt and Charlestown, which was then the terminus of the Natal railway.

It was bitterly cold, pitch-dark, and raining hard on the May morning when we were called at four o'clock to get up and depart again on our travels. After trudging through the darkness and driving rain for about half a mile, we arrived at the posting office, and found the coach waiting for us. This conveyance was a long, four-wheeled box, inside which the passengers sat *vis-à-vis*, and had their luggage tied on outside. We climbed into its dark interior,

and tumbling over three other wayfarers, we stowed ourselves in the first convenient corner, shivering with cold, and glad to think that if ever we were to travel over this road again, it would be by an express train. October had, in the meantime, wrapped himself in a few horse-rugs, lit his pipe, and deposited himself somewhere on the outside. At last all was ready, the twelve ponies were put in, the driver mounted the box-seat, took his long whip in both hands, cracked it vigorously, gave a few yells, and away the ponies trotted down the dimly-lighted street. In ten or fifteen minutes we were out in the open *veldt*, and soon were jolting through slush, sand, and stream, with a few short intervals for refreshments at wayside shanties till eight o'clock in the evening, when we put up for a part of the night at a comparatively comfortable inn. We found our three companions of travel pleasant, obliging fellows.

They were itinerant prize-fighters who, like ourselves, were trying to run a show. They were not able to give a public performance in the Transvaal; for the Dutch authorities would not allow such exhibitions to take place in their country; and probably they had worn their welcome somewhat threadbare. They were therefore going to try their luck in Natal. The eldest of them was George Stevens, a man of about forty, who had fought some battles in England as a light-weight. The next in age was Donovan, who had been defeated for the middle-weight championship of South Africa by Kelly of Maritzburg; and, lastly, there was Barny Malone, a 9-stone man of about twenty-seven, whose colours had also been lowered by Kelly, to whom he had given away a great deal of weight. Barny had been a clown in Frank Fillis's circus; but after having had an accident, he lost, through want of confidence, the knack of

turning somersaults, so he took up prize-fighting as the next easiest job. He was, at the time I met him, in the unfortunate predicament of not being able to get on a match with anyone at 9 stone, and of not being good enough to concede 14 lbs. to Kelly. The fight between the Maritzburg lad and Donovan was decided in the Orange Free State, and when the police of that Republic tried to stop it, the backers of Kelly, who saw that their man was winning easily, pulled out their revolvers and declared that they would shoot anyone who interrupted the game. The battle was then continued, and Kelly won. As business was booming merrily along in South Africa at that time, Kelly, who was a steady young fellow and fond of athletics, netted as a result of his victory a large sum, which I do not think I would be far out by estimating at about £3000. With this in his pocket, he took a pleasure trip to

England, and proud of his title of middle-weight champion of South Africa, he got on a match with a then unknown man called Nickless, who knocked him about in such an easy style, that the *Sporting Life* and *Sportsman*, on the supposition that Nickless was a fourth-rate man, made merry over the lamentable ignorance of South African people about boxing, when such a duffer as Kelly could pose as their champion. So Kelly returned to Maritzburg far poorer in money and fame than when he had left it, and recommenced serving drinks over the bar of his patron publican, with a chastened spirit. Time, the healer, at last brought its salve for the lad's wounded vanity; for Nickless soon proved that the mean opinion of his abilities formerly held by the sporting papers was entirely wrong, and he was recognised as one of the best 10-stone men in the world.

We seemed to have hardly settled to

sleep before we were again called at four o'clock in the morning, and had to start before daylight. Tired and stiff from the jolting of the coach, we arrived by noon that day at Charlestown. The Belgrave Hotel, in which we put up, was well provisioned; mine host attentive; the liquors good, the climate delightful; the coal fire in the taproom, the first we had seen in South Africa, was bright; and above all things, Majuba Hill was within easy reach. Next morning, after a capital breakfast, we found a pair-horse, ramshackle Stanhope and a guide waiting for us. Our amateur *cicerone* was a Mr. Petly of the Natal Mounted Police, who had, at the thoughtful instigation of our landlord, volunteered, in the kindest possible manner, to show us over the ground. We were indeed lucky to have his courteous and intelligent help; for he had fought at Laing's Nek, and had been with the main body of the troops

when General Colley was shot. After a drive of about four miles up the first slopes of the mountain, we got out and walked up the steep hillside which the Boers climbed on the morning of that memorable 27th February 1881. The position of the Transvaal troops was behind Laing's Nek, which is a saddle in a low range of hills, about five miles in extent, between high mountains, which guard its flanks; the left being also secured by the Buffalo River, which runs at the foot of the hills. This neck, through which passed the line of communication between Natal and the Transvaal, is, on a rough guess, about 2000 feet lower than the hills on each side; the higher of the two being precipitous Majuba on the right.

The Majuba mistake appears to have been due to the irresponsible conduct of Sir George Colley, who having been defeated at Laing's Nek and Ingogo, evidently tried

to retrieve his reputation by a dash at Majuba during the temporary absence of Sir Evelyn Wood, who had gone to Maritzburg to hasten up the arrival of reinforcements. It was the custom of the Boers to occupy Majuba by day with pickets, which were withdrawn at night. On the morning of the 27th February they were surprised at seeing against the sky line men moving on the crest of the now historical hill. Fearing that their right flank would be turned, they gallantly resolved to make a counter-attack, and despatched about 400 men for this purpose to scale the mountain side. In the meantime General Colley's troops, of about the same number, who had gained the top of the hill before daybreak, found themselves on a piece of ground which is about 150 yards square, and which is slightly depressed in the centre. It was an ideal position on which to make a stand, even against vastly superior numbers;

but with an incredible want of foresight, General Colley neglected to properly defend the edge of this basin which faced the enemy. Had he done so, it would have been impossible for a single Transvaaler to have reached the top. Almost the first intimation of danger which was conveyed to our men, was the firing of the Boers who had crept up and taken shelter behind the rocks and boulders which surround the ground that had been occupied by the English. Confusion and then panic ensued, with the result of a blackened page in our military history. These young Dutch farmers were accustomed from their early youth to handle a rifle and stalk game. From the open nature of the *veldt*, they had to shoot — as they did with extraordinary accuracy—springbok and blessbok, often at distances of from 400 to 600 yards. Our famous Indian *shikaris*, such as Nightingale, Colonel Campbell (

Old Forest Ranger), Gunning Campbell, Kennedy, Shakespeare, Forsyth, Kinloch, and others, have always held that about 200 yards is the limit of a fair sporting range for black buck or ibex.

Too little credit, I think, has been awarded by the English writers that have described the Majuba affair, to the heroism of the Boers, who finding that their enemy had practically turned their flank, resolved at all hazards to make an attack up the steep mountain side.

After examining the nature of the ground, we performed the sad duty of visiting the few memorials of our dead countrymen. A whitewashed rough stone, with "Colley fell" in letters of black paint on it, marks the spot where the English leader was shot. His grave is between two trees that stand out prominently by themselves on the side of Prospect Hill, which is in the centre of the ground that was occupied by the English.

A handsome stone cross shows the place where sleeps poor Captain Maud, who, after resigning his commission in the Grenadier Guards, joined the 58th Regiment as a volunteer. Some abominable ghoul had knocked off a corner of this cross. Other low-lived scoundrels had carved their contemptible names on the small wooden cross over the grave of twenty men of the 58th. A woman (!), not to be behind men in shamelessness, had also added her name, or had it added by some depraved companion. It is consoling to know that the creature was too uneducated to spell it properly.

However heartburning to Englishmen may have been the action of Mr. Gladstone in staying the avenging hand of General Roberts, we must not forget that our quarrel was an unjust one. By our meddling and oppressive policy, we drove a large number of the Dutch farmers out of Cape Colony, which they had occupied

for many years before our arrival. They sought refuge in Natal, out of which we pushed them into the country beyond the Vaal River. Not content with having harried them so far, our Government, egged on by the Exeter Hall Brigade, began to worry them in their new location. Their reasonable demand for representation, in return for the taxes they were paying, was refused, contrary to the wish of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the British Governor of the Transvaal, who was trusted by the Boers and was in thorough touch with them. His successor in 1879, Sir Owen Lanyon, was a man void of tact, and had no sympathy with the people over whom he was placed. He, either ignorantly or culpably, misrepresented to his Government that the Transvaalers desired English rule. It is probable that but for his evil influence, our heavy loss in life and honour would not have been incurred.

Had Mr. Gladstone not made peace at the time he did, it is quite certain that General Roberts with his 10,000 men, would have come up and beaten the farmers' army. "Then," say the Conservatives, "we could have made peace with honour, and given back, with a brave show of generosity, the country we had unjustly seized." But we must remember that it takes two to make peace as well as war. The sympathies of the Boers in the Orange Free State and those in Cape Colony —hardy, resolute fellows and incomparable riflemen—were becoming stronger every day in favour of their Transvaal countrymen, whom they certainly would have joined in many thousands, had General Joubert's army been sorely pressed. It is doubtful if General Roberts, brave soldier and brilliant leader as he is, could have reduced the Transvaal to subjection with only the troops he had brought along with

him. Probably 10,000 more would have been required, and in the meantime the whole of South Africa would have been in a blaze. I wrote the foregoing portion of this paragraph in 1892. It strikes me now, in 1900, that my estimate of the fighting tenacity of the Transvaal Boers, and sympathy for them in South Africa, was fairly accurate.

Respecting Mr. Gladstone's management of the Transvaal question in 1881, the Duke of Argyll, who was a member of the Cabinet, tells us in a letter to *The Times*, that "the whole policy towards the Transvaal had been determined whilst I was still a member of the Cabinet. Moreover, it so happens that I have a vivid recollection of a conversation with our chief, Mr. Gladstone, upon the subject. He did not use to me the absurd language commonly ascribed to him about the duty of 'magnanimity.' He simply dwelt upon the fact that the Government

had opened negotiations with the Boer leaders some time before that battle, and that there was reasonable hope of a pacific settlement. He said he did not think that the defeat of Sir George Colley's small force, an attack of doubtful prudence, ought of itself to put an end to the negotiations which had begun, and he stigmatised as 'blood-guiltiness' the policy of seeking a merely avenging fight. I did give my deliberate assent to that argument, all the more because I had an uncomfortable feeling that Sir George Colley's attack on Majuba Hill at a moment when peaceful communications were in suspense, even if strictly within usages of war, was at anyrate an act of a most alarming and exasperating character to the Boers, and perhaps fatal to any hope of peace." As events have turned out, it would of course have been better for us who are alive at the present time, if the dispute had been settled by a continuance

of the war of 1881; but the task would not have been very much easier than our present one. Besides, it is better to win with a fairly good cause, than with a bad cause like that of 1881. With ordinary luck, the attack made by English capital and intellect on the rich gold fields of the Transvaal, would not have been resisted by the rough Dutch farmers, whose sole ambition is to have a homestead far from the abode of any other man. Mr. Kruger criminally encouraged Hollander reaction, and English sympathy with the Jameson Raid naturally made every Boer our enemy. Mr. Gerald Balfour told a Conservative meeting, held in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, that "the Jameson Raid was the most ill-judged enterprise of latter-day history. The effect of it was to make it practically impossible for this country to intervene earlier in support of the Outlanders, and the Transvaal Government was in the meantime able to accumulate

those military stores which were now being used against ourselves."

From a military point of view, South Africa is much more valuable to us than Egypt and the Suez Canal; because, in the not improbable event of a war with Russia, our road to India would have to be *viâ* The Cape; for it would be impossible to guard our line of communication through the Canal, which is about eighty miles long and not more than eighty yards broad at some places. Besides, to use it, we would have to hold both its sides with a very large force. In such a case we would have to oppose an army ten times as numerous as the entire population—men, women and children—of the Transvaal. The great importance paid by our politicians to the Mediterranean as compared to the Cape, has always appeared to me to be an act of supreme folly and ignorance. Without goodwill or supremacy in South Africa, we could not be certain of

holding Cape Colony. The Cairo to Cape-town Railway will do admirably for times of peace; but in case of a European war, we will have to go back to our old favourite highway of blue water. If South Africa was a country which English settlers could colonise, our task would be the comparatively simple one of conquering the Boers by superiority in training and war material, which the Boers can manufacture or import only to a small extent. Having gained the victory, which is but a question of time, we shall have the much more difficult and equally important job of making the Boers our friends. They will form the great bulk of the residents; they rapidly increase in number; and if they remain filled with hostile feelings against us, how are we to permanently keep the country? An army of occupation, which would cost more than the Boers could pay, is not a pleasant alternative.

From Charlestown we went most of the way to Harrismith by train, and had only a short distance, over which the trains now run, to go by coach. My class at Harrismith was similar to that at Pretoria and Colesberg, being composed chiefly of farmers who spent a good portion of their lives among horses. The appreciation of these hard, practical men was very flattering to me, especially as they had never heard my name mentioned in connection with books on horses. I could not help thinking that if my wife and I had not been particularly smart at our work, we would not have won the good opinion of the Boers, all of whom looked upon the English as very inferior horsemen. These farmers judge Englishmen only by the specimens who go out to South Africa, few of whom have had any previous experience among horses. One of the members of my Harrismith class was

Mr. Hendrik Truter, who had led the Boers in their attack up Majuba Hill against General Colley's party. Either to pose me or to test my skill, he brought a horse that was extremely difficult to catch when loose, and, if I remember rightly, to ride when caught. I accomplished so easily the task he had set me, in making this animal obedient, that instead of being pleased, he seemed rather annoyed that a "Rooinek" should be a better breaker than any Boer. Though the "score" was a paltry one, I was glad to have been able to make it off the redoubtable Boer leader. Mr. Truter, who was about fifty years of age, was one of the finest men I have ever seen. He stood about 6 feet 4 inches; was well built; straight as a dart; was of immense breadth of shoulders and depth of chest; and had a hard, resolute, good-looking face. Although the Orange Free State was at peace with us during the Transvaal war, a large number

of Free State men, among whom was Truter, joined General Joubert's army. The Majuba storming party, which was led by Truter, consisted, I believe, chiefly of them.

I saw a good deal of Mr. Oliver Davis—who lived at Harrismith, and whose name has been mentioned several times in the London papers in connection with the Matabele war—at Harrismith, Maritzburg, and Durban. He was a good sportsman, hard to beat across country, an owner of racehorses, and was a great favourite with everyone who knew him. His horse Capsome was for several years by far the best steeplechase horse in South Africa. One of the Days—nephew, I believe, of old William Day, the famous trainer—used to ride and train for Mr. Davis. Day was a fine cross-country rider. Hall was another good man between the flags.

After Harrismith, we went to Maritzburg,

where the Annual Agricultural Show was being held, and I was asked by the committee to judge horses and jumping. I accepted the invitation with pleasure, and did my best to give satisfaction. This show, being a long-established fixture, was well attended, and the exhibits proved that agriculture was prosperous in the Colony. I must, however, say that many of the saddle-horse sires which I saw exhibited there, at Pretoria, Bloemfontein, and Colesberg, were to my thinking, utterly unsuitable to the requirements of the country; in that they had heavy shoulders, upright pasterns, and the respective direction of their back tendons and cannon bones were far from being as nearly parallel to each other as they ought to have been. I also noted that the baneful system of judging of the goodness of a horse's forelegs by the measurement just below the knee, instead of also taking into considera-

tion the width of the fetlock from front to rear, was too much in vogue. It would have given me great pleasure to have expounded my views on the conformation of horses more widely than I did in South Africa; but I had no time to do so. As it was, I had to refuse invitations to judge at the agricultural shows in Port Elizabeth and Graf Reinet.

Besides a couple of public exhibitions in Maritzburg, at which we did well, I held a class in the town, and another in the camp for the officers of the 11th Hussars and Gunners. Colonel Swaine, who was commanding the "Cherubims," was so pleased with my work that he got me to teach all his sergeants, as well as his officers, how to break-in horses. Sir Charles Mitchell, the Governor, and Lady Mitchell attended our shows, and appeared to take a great deal of interest in them. They kindly invited us to the ball they gave

on the Queen's birthday, and we had a very pleasant evening. One of the most popular sportsmen in Natal was Mr. Phil. Payne, to whom I had a letter of introduction and who was very kind to us. He was a good example of a man who waited too long in the race for wealth. During the "boom" he made a lot of money, and as he knew that the inflated prices could not last for ever, he determined that he would sell out and "go" when his capital had reached the limit of £200,000, which would yield him the £10,000 a year that he considered sufficient for a nice place in the country, and a house in town for the season. When his pile rose to £120,000, he was strongly advised to sell; but it appeared such a pity to miss the chance of affluence for life, that he held on, with the result that the first crash came and down went all the shares. The proper policy now appeared to be to wait for a reaction; but unluckily the

shares went lower and lower, until many of them disappeared altogether. South Africa is such a wonderful country for changes of fortune, that few things would surprise me less or give me greater pleasure than to see Mr. Phil. Payne, who is as good a loser as he is a winner, return home in a year or two with that couple of hundred thousand which has so long eluded his grasp. Both at Maritzburg and at Durban I was fortunate to have as my manager, Mr. Cuthbert, who treated me more as a friend than as a mere employer.

The horse which was kept waiting for me at Durban, and whose reputation for untamed vice had been spread all over the Colony, turned out to be a maligned animal which with ordinary skill and patience might have been converted into a lady's quiet hack. He made no attempt to buck when my wife rode him, and, although very nervous at first of being handled, he gave

in and got quiet as soon as he found that, if he obeyed, no harm would befall him.

Having finished with Durban, we formed ourselves into a committee of ways and means. We might have gone to East London, Queenstown, King Williamstown, Aliwal North; have had another turn at Colesberg, Bloemfontein, and Kimberley; and then finished at Vryburg. But we were both very tired of the work and wanted to get back to London. Besides, my wife did not think her health could stand the strain of another trip, and as she had been the best part of the show, I thought it only fair that her interests should be first considered. I was very sorry to say good-bye to dear old October, who had been a faithful and helpful friend to me. He had saved money enough to buy a sufficiency of cattle and wives to keep him well supplied with food and strong drink for the remainder of his life

without working. As he had no higher aspirations than the gratification of his instincts, he was troubled with no longing after more wealth than he possessed. He was happy, and that was all he wanted to be. I offered to take him with me by sea to East London or Port Elizabeth, and from thence to send him on to his home in Craddock; but he shook his head, doubled himself up, and laughed long and low, as if he thought my offer excruciatingly funny. I asked him how he intended going to Craddock. He told me that he would travel to Ladysmith by train, and would then march across country on foot. I represented to him that by taking such an overland route he would spend a good deal of money and time; but that if he went with me his journey would cost him nothing. The more I argued with him, the more he laughed and shook his head, till at last the fact began to dawn on me that the fear of

my carrying him off and making him a slave, was the cause of October's refusal to go on board a steamer. That evening I saw him off by train, and having been accustomed to the demonstrative forms of grief freely indulged in by well-rewarded Eastern and Western servants when parting from their respective masters, I could not help being somewhat disappointed with October for not weeping, or at least showing some signs of emotion on his ugly, honest face, when I took my last look on it, framed in the window of a third-class railway carriage. But he only grinned, happily though affectionately, at me. And then I began slowly to understand that I had at last met a man who was not a hypocrite, and the worst of it was that I was obliged to part from him a few seconds after I had made this astounding discovery; for the station-master at that moment was waving his flag for the engine-driver to start.

"Good baas; always good baas," said October, waving his hand to me. And then the train bore him slowly off into the *ewigkeit*: as far as I was concerned. I believe that he was very fond of me, in his own way, and that he bore me no ill-will for my supposed treachery in wanting to carry him off into bondage.

I felt remarkably well after all the hard physical work I had gone through during the six months we had spent in South Africa, the dry, warm climate of which did my chest a great deal of good. For about a year before going out to the Cape I suffered so much from bronchitis, that I feared that my air passages would become chronically affected. Although more than eight years have elapsed since we left that country, my lungs and their tubes continue to remain in perfect order. When the locality has been judiciously selected, the climate of South Africa, in many cases,

offers much benefit to sufferers from chest ailments. If very dry and bracing air be needed, Harrismith (for choice) or Charlestown might be selected; as they are over 5000 feet above the level of the sea. The altitude of Bloemfontein is nearly as great. If a warmer, though also a dry, climate be required, I know no place more suitable or convenient than Craddock.

We had a pleasant journey home on board the Union SS. *Tartar*.

Acquaintance with the Boers makes me regret that all our young men are not able to shoot and ride. If they were as well acquainted with these two arts as our Transvaal and Orange Free State enemies, we would be able, single-handed, to defy the hostility of any two nations, with a citizen army of at least five or six millions strong, the most powerful navy in the world, and the efficient aid of our Colonies. Our human material is good, but our lack

of military training is deplorable. I am afraid that economic reasons put the general acquisition of horsemanship out of the question, which is a deficiency that would not be necessarily fatal in the event of an invasion, because Great Britain and Ireland are practically enclosed countries. Also, discipline is essential for the success of combined action. Our Government compels boys to learn to read, write, and cypher, which are accomplishments that the large majority of them fail to obtain benefit from in after life; but it takes no step to train them to become fighting men who could defend their country in time of need. Our army is efficient and skilfully led, but it is far too small for purposes of national safety. To be secure, England needs to have all her able-bodied men capable of fighting for her, and not merely willing to pay others to do that duty.

(CVBBS)

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